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DECEMBER 13, 1966

hilation in China
& U.S. Indifference
–SEE PAGE 1254

NATIONAL REVIEW

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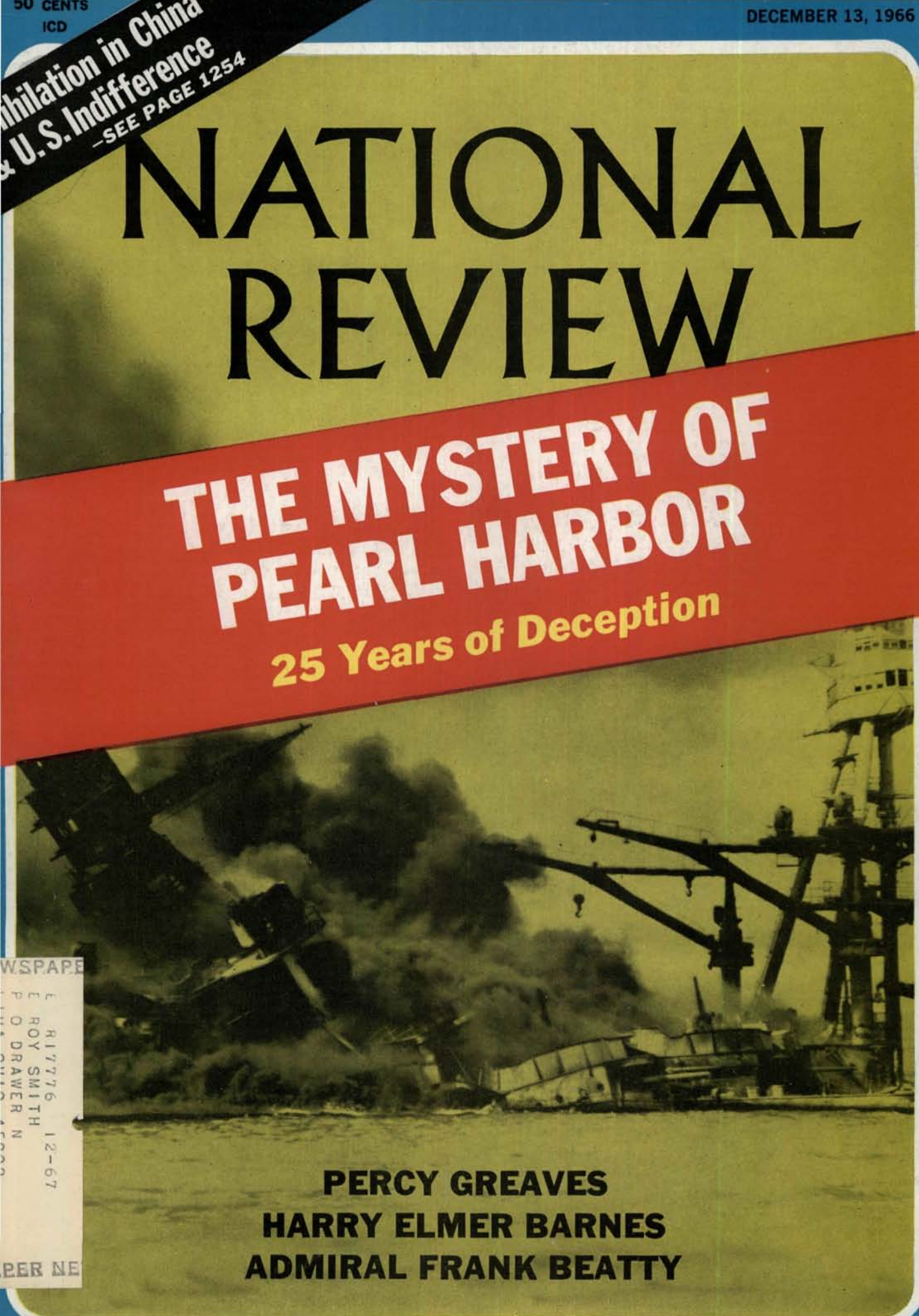

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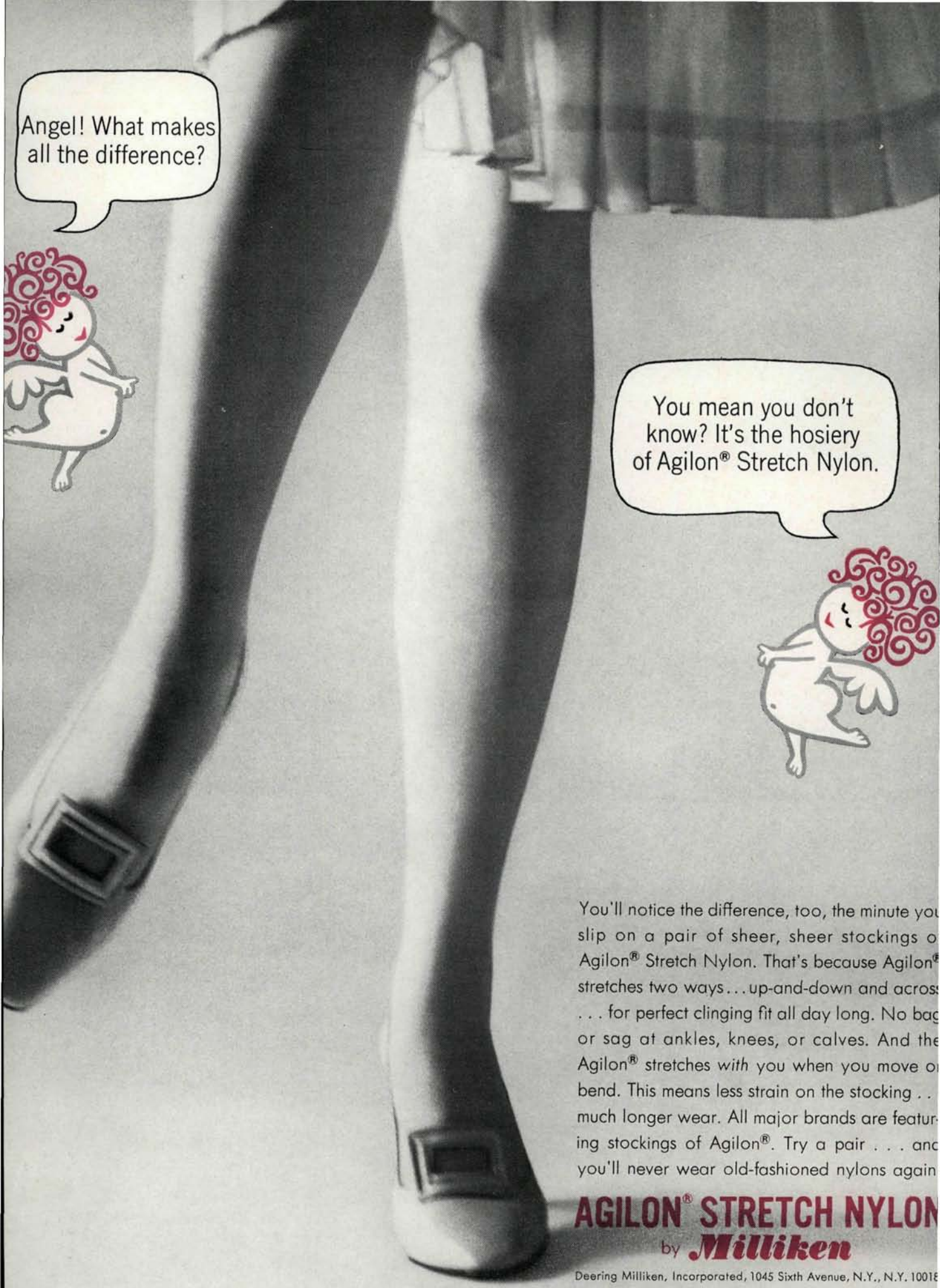

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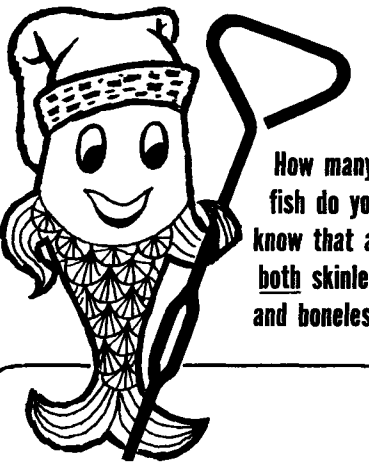
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ It was at the suggestion of Professor **Harry Elmer Barnes** that *NR* decided to deal extensively in this issue—25 years after the event—with Pearl Harbor. Professor Barnes, a historian who distinguished himself as a revisionist after the First World War, has for years written about Pearl Harbor, and edited the symposium *Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace* in 1952—to which **Percy Greaves** was a contributor. Mr. Greaves, a candid man, believes that in point of fact he knows more about the Pearl Harbor incident than anyone else. His interest began when he was selected by the Republicans in the Senate as chief of the Minority Staff for the Joint Congressional Committee for the Investigation of the Pearl Harbor Attack, which met during 1945-1946. It is, says Mr. Greaves, an unfinished story, even though enough is known to penetrate, and reject, the arguments of the court historians. Professor Barnes also secured from Admiral **Frank Beatty** a memorandum, heretofore unpublished, on the adventurous trip to Pearl Harbor by Secretary Knox beginning on December 10, 1941 . . . **Gilbert Comte,** a French journalist who specializes in African affairs and is frequently published in *Nation Française*, *Le Monde*, and other prestigious journals such as NATIONAL REVIEW, discusses the incredible gap between black African lip-service to democratic institutions left over from the colonial days and the actual trend towards despotism, one-party rule, or monarchy in every "liberated" land.

Cover picture by Wide World Photos

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** recounts the continuing horror of Red China's terrorism, and wonders how it comes about that the official U.S. reaction is practically zero . . . **John Kirwan** had a dream not long ago about what would happen if the logic of "controlling" firearms were extended to all things dangerous to life and limb, such as children, ski slopes, and Bertrand Russell . . . **Russell Kirk** describes the good and hopeful operations of the Taft Institute, which keeps green the memory of the late Robert (Mr. Republican) Taft, and helps scholars, and enjoys tax exemption . . . Do you miss **James Burnham**'s column? We do too. He will resume it when he returns from a lecture tour of Africa and Europe.

➔ The renowned military analyst, Major **George Fielding Eliot,** reviews appreciatively a book of battles by the equally renowned military journalist, Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times*. Looks like a must book . . . **Theodore Sturgeon,** the award-winning science fictioneer, enunciates a Law based on the reading of five new books, the best of which is Spingarn's . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport** solves all problems by mentioning the fifty-odd best books to give away this Christmas . . . **C. H. Simonds** turns the trick for children's books—assuming, of course, that your children already have the complete McGuffey. ➔



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TO THE EDITOR

Let There Be Luce

That gal, Clare Boothe Luce, sure can write. Not that this is news to you. Or to me. But it is some time since I've read as brilliant a piece of writing in my weekly bible as her review of that formidable unmaker of hizzoners, William F. Buckley [Nov. 15]. And that is saying something, for even the bad guys have to admit—under pressure, natch, and reluctantly, but admit just the same—that my weekly bible contains the most sparkling prose to be found in weeklies, monthlies, or quarterlies this side of Canarsie.

After finishing the review I turned back, looking for some of the best lines. Take this one: "But apart from those party pols who feel the repercussions of any great state election on the national structure, few non-New Yorkers—and far too few New Yorkers—give a hoot in Hell's Gate who comes to grace, or disgrace, Gracie Mansion." (Sour note: Since Jimmy Walker and the Little Flower, who in the memory of living man has graced Gracie?) As I rolled on my tongue a crack or a period, my admiration climbed. And mind you, I was dallying on stolen time, for a scholar (see Skeat: *scholar*—from the Greek, leisure; originally, a pause), I have neither leisure nor pause to spare for sybaritic idleness.

Why don't you get her to do more work for you? It will help circulation when it gets around that she is adding to the wit and brilliance of your witty and brilliant mag. And it will help The Cause. For it will improve the temper, brighten the outlook, and sweeten the spirit of your readers. That's what it did for me on a chilly, drizzly, gray, melancholy day.

By the way, I had intended to wait for the paperback before buying *The Unmaking of Hizzoner*. Miss Clare's piece is making me plunk down the full $6.95 for the hardback, in confident expectation of more sybaritic idling on stolen time.

Wilmette, Ill. ELISEO VIVAS

As a young Jewish conservative, I found certain parts of Miss Luce's review of Mr. Buckley's book most appalling. Her statement about Mr. Beame's qualification for office, that of being "Jewish in a Jewish city" is at best ridiculous. It may surprise her that in the "Jewish" city of New York (25 per cent) there has never been a Jewish mayor, that the Jewish candidates for mayor within the

(Continued on p. 1248)

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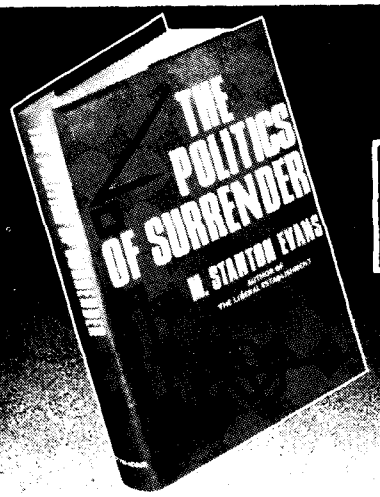

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★ Fulbright's hysteria when YAF persuades Firestone to reconsider its tire deal with Rumania.

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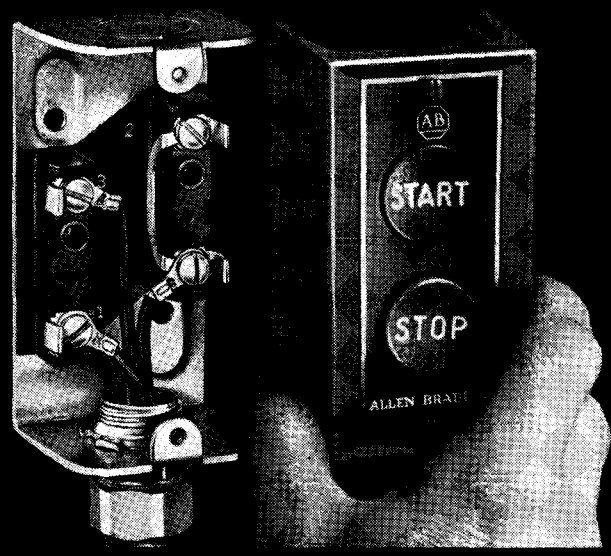

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1246)

last twenty years or so (e.g. Republican candidates Riegelman, Goldstein and Lefkowitz) received only the regular Jewish Republican vote, that the great majority of the New York City Jewish population supported Catholic Mayor Robert F. Wagner in each of his three bids for mayor and, that for the first time that the Democratic Party put up a Jewish candidate for mayor, which was in 1965, his Protestant opponent, Mr. Lindsay, got approximately half of the Jewish vote, which, when added to the respectable Jewish vote for Mr. Buckley, leaves only a minority of the Jewish vote for Mr. Beame.

Brooklyn, N.Y. WILLIAM STRIZEVER

Burnham on McNamara (cont.)

NR's article in the November 15th number, by James Burnham, "analyzing" Secretary of Defense McNamara, intentionally or otherwise completely sidesteps the most important issue this nation has faced in its history, to wit: did we embark upon the war in Vietnam to win it? Beside this question, whether or not the world hates or loves McNamara fades into insignificance.

McAllen, Tex. ARTHUR E. DEMAREE

Why eleven pages defending and excusing Robert McNamara on the basis of the merits of his technical and strategic decisions? They are merely contributory to his traitorous procedures. Right or wrong in his technical and strategic acts, the Secretary of Defense is obviously a Far-Left Extremist of the Socialist-Liberal, pro-Communist Elite that is ruling and ruining our Republic.

Mesa, Ariz. WILLIAM A. WHITING

Most of your readers, I venture, felt as irritated as I when I read James Burnham's attack on just about everyone from middle-road Democrats on out. But as I got into the article I became fascinated and, maybe, better instructed. For all our sakes, let us hope McNamara's policies prove as sound as Mr. Burnham thinks they are.

Yet I cannot argue down the conviction that Mr. Burnham has overlooked the left side of the puzzle: McNamara the muzzler of generals, McNamara the protector of such as Adam Yarmolinsky, McNamara the advocate of a youth labor brigade, McNamara the big contributor to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. In other words, if only Mr. McNamara were as anti-ideological as Mr. Burnham.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

Going to the Heart

Thank God for Frank S. Meyer. I have

(Continued on p. 1250)

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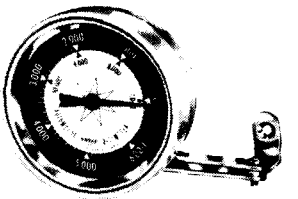

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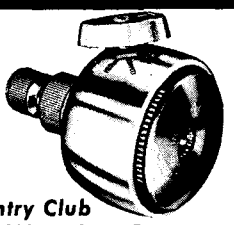

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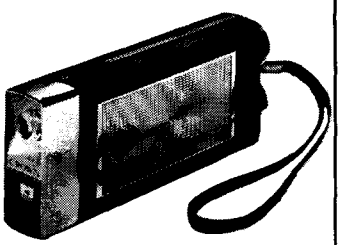

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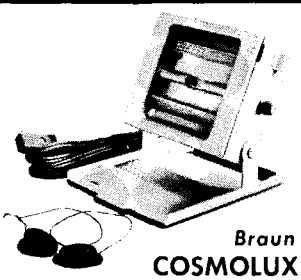

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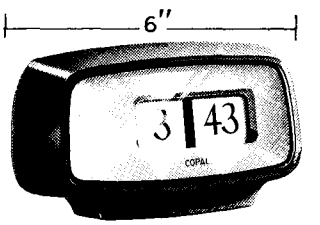

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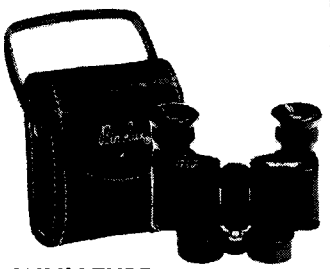

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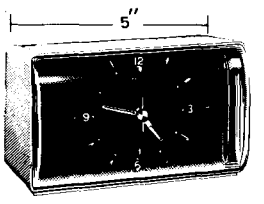

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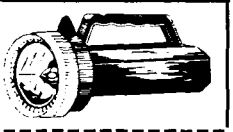

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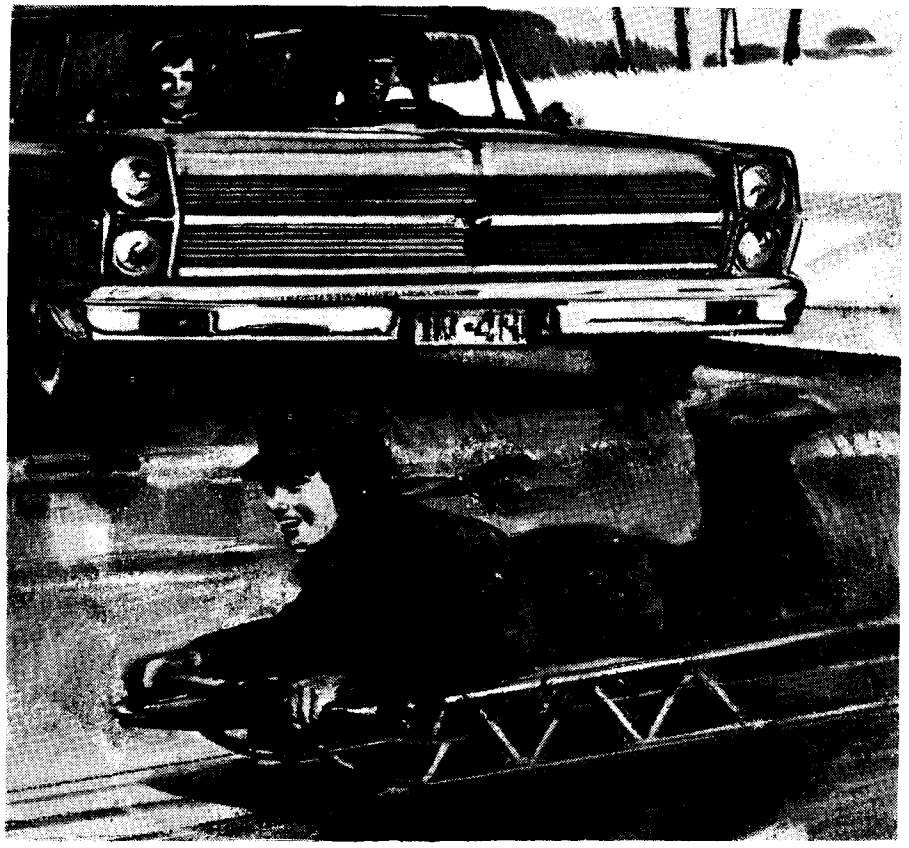

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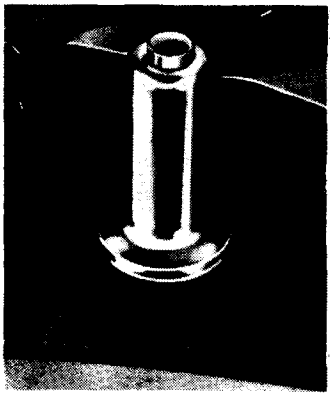

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1248)

not seen before so succinct a statemer of one of the essential issues betwee "conservatism" and egalitarian "liberal ism" as Mr. Meyer puts forward in th November 15 issue. I remember observ ing with a friend, a lawyer from Chicag as we strolled down MacDougal Stree in New York one Sunday a dozen yea ago, that the egalitarian thrust of th times seemed less likely to result in uni versal mutual respect than in univers mutual disrespect. But then Mr. Meye really goes to the heart of the matter.

Washington, Pa. GUY WOODWARD J.

Continental Resources?

Canadians cannot be expected to lie dow before Anthony Harrigan's shallow dis missal of some of our very real problem which stem from American investmer and American water needs [Nov. 15

Certainly Canadian anti-Americanis is nauseating, and Mr. Harrigan must b complimented for forgiving us our wit less foreign policy and our ultra-Libera opinion-makers. But Canadian nation alism, in "its current anti-America mood" or any other mood, must fac facts like the pressure exerted on Cana dian subsidiaries of American firms nc to sell to Cuba and China. I personall abhor our policies in this respect, bu Canadian companies must abide b Canadian laws, however wrong, o American control is not a fear but a fac

The immensely strong economic tie cannot but cause concern to us. I put i to you squarely: how would American feel if 60 per cent of your industry wa foreign-owned, and if a mammoth neigh bor, ten times your size in populatio and more so in power, suddenly foun that *your* water was a "continental" re source to be "shared"? The water is n more a continental resource than th money which you make from the ex ploitation of your natural resources. Yo invest it for a profit, we sell our resource likewise, and as we choose. There i something unpleasant in the sight of th most powerful nation in the world covet ing one of the treasures of a weake neighbor—or has Mr. Harrigan not hear of Naboth's vineyard?

Hamilton, Ont. J. W. DAL

Hungary and Socialism

In your very poignant and beautiful re membrance of the Hungarian Revolutio [Nov. 1] you ignore—for obvious reason —one simple fact. The Hungarian peopl were not fighting to restore capitalism and certainly not fighting to institute th warped value system you peddle in th pages of your magazine. They wer fighting for a humane and democrati socialism, as opposed to the Stalinism

(Continued on p. 1289)

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The WEEK

● 1) At Dulles International Airport on a blustery November night, a grateful President thanked the crowd that came to welcome him home. ". . . And I want to thank you all for coming out in this inclement weather. . . ." 2) Memorandum to all Employees from the Executive Secretariat of the Agency for International Development, dated Nov. 2, "Urgent—Please Circulate by Hand. The general public living within a radius of 50 miles of Dulles Airport has been invited to the ceremony welcoming President Johnson on his return to the United States. It would be particularly appropriate for AID employees to be on hand, if at all possible. The President is scheduled to land at 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, Nov. 2, 1966. You should plan to arrive by 7:00 P.M. /s/ James M. Kearns. Executive Secretary."

● Ted Sorensen took a long hard look at the Democratic Party on November 9—and didn't like what he saw. Democratic losses in the election were the worst since 1946, said Sorensen, "far worse than the usual mid-term slide, far worse than the issues require. . . . It spread disaster and disarray into our party in every section of the country and in every normally Democratic state. We lost . . . because our party had already lost direction, enthusiasm, and momentum . . . and because the old urban coalition of labor and Negroes and Jews and intellectuals has split into smithereens. The unions can no longer deliver their members; the preachers can no longer deliver the Negroes; and the ward captains can no longer deliver the precincts." Sorensen warned the far-out Liberals in the Democratic Party who are pushing Bobby Kennedy for President in 1968 that their vicious attacks on the Johnson Administration are weakening the party as a whole and could well contribute to a Republican Presidential victory next go-round. The toughness of Sorensen's approach—he was speaking to the Democratic Forum in New York—is believed to be a warning to the Kennedy hot rods to cool it. To Sorensen, possibly John Kennedy's closest associate during his Presidency, they might listen.

● Those regular muffled explosions you've been hearing for some time now have been the work of Mr. Drew Middleton, the *New York Times* man covering the UN but in no sense covering *for* it. Middleton knows the score: give him an opening and he blasts through, as in a recent review of Hernane Tavares de Sá's incendiary book, *The Play Within the Play: The Inside Story of the UN*. "The estimate of the United Nations in this country too often is the high one it has of itself. A more realistic approach is needed for the good of the organization—and, possibly, for the United States as well," he writes. And, on the absurdly overrated Afro-Asian bloc: "The United Nations is not going to overthrow the South African government at their behest; nor will it hang Rhodesia's Ian D. Smith from a sour apple tree. . . . The twin delusions of most African delegations that everyone is against them and that nothing is important but what they consider so may not wreck the UN. But they could bore it to death." All in all, and in context, a dangerous man.

● Red China is still out of the UN and Taiwan is still in as of 1966. The vote was 57 to 46 with 17 abstentions including Canada. Last year it was 47-47 *whew* 20. The gain in the "No" vote is a victory for the United States. A resolution, routed by the U.S. through Italy, to sound Peking out on what the hell it wants from the UN, was rejected and is interpreted as a defeat for the U.S. Not in our book.

● Chou Yang, for many years Deputy Director of Propaganda of the Chinese Communist Party's Central Committee, has been purged for the following seven deadly sins, according to a Peking dispatch. Because he 1) "persistently waves the 'red flag' to oppose the red flag, 2) incites and supports the literary circles to stir up a black wind that propagates the era of the 1930s, 3) stubbornly refuses to implement Chairman Mao Tse-tung's literary line, 4) enlists the capitulationists and turncoats to form cliques for private interests, 5) refuses to act upon and inspect implementation of a series of highly important instructions and criticisms for the Party Central and Chairman Mao, 6) exhausts his wits in sabotaging the great proletarian cultural revolution, and 7) madly opposes the General Line, Big Leap Forward and the people's communes."

● Last year Mexhdudin Korca, touring with a Yugoslav choir, sought asylum in the U.S. Now supporting himself as a coat-checker in New York City, he applied to the Immigration and Naturalization Service for permission to stay. His request was turned down. So was an appeal from the decision directed to the Board of Immigration Appeals. It seems a foreigner may not be given asylum here when the criminal codes of the relevant jurisdictions are "analogous," and the Yugoslav statutes under which Korca faces prosecution (for anti-government activity, escape for hostile purposes, hostile propaganda and spreading "false news") parallel American provisions against private correspondence with foreign governments,

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seditious conspiracy and advocating the overthrow of the government. Meanwhile, in Yugoslavia, writer Mihajlo Mihajlov began a ten-month prison term for "instigating displeasure and provoking dissatisfaction among the population." Analogue, anyone?

● In the Dominican Republic, peace. The peso and the dollar are officially, and very nearly in fact, eye to eye. Tourism is up. Austerity, including limitations on imports and foreign exchange, the elimination of government workers' bonuses, and drastic reduction of the bankrupt National Sugar Corporation payroll, has brought good results with the help of U.S. aid. Balaguer's administration, tightly controlled from the top, is anti-racket, the Right is mollified, the Left is in fragments. Bosch has decided to do another fade, to Spain (Spain!). *Adiós,* and let the anthem swell.

● Looking back on those evil days of the "revolt" in Santo Domingo, John Bartlow Martin told the Book and Author Luncheon a week ago that, as U.S. Ambassador, "I watched entrepreneurs of violence organize street convulsions time after time and learned very early that the participants were either school children or skid row characters whose services were bought for from 50 cents to $1.50." Furthermore, said Martin, when the kids weren't on the barricades most of them were in school learning English so that they could come to the U.S. and enjoy the blessings of democracy.

● "The fanatical anti-American American Ralph Schoenman," "the ubiquitous Schoenman," are the phrases used by the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* respectively to characterize Bertrand Russell's personal secretary, the man who is widely supposed to be the moving force behind the idiot War Crimes Tribunal scheduled for Paris-in-the-spring. Preliminary press conferences, at which the U.S. has already been in effect convicted for its policies in Vietnam, are monopolized not by the aged Russell but by Schoenman and Titoist aide Vladimir Dedijer; and less news is made by the "evidence" that is being built up in the "case" than by the numbers of prominent folk who continue to resign from membership in the tribunal and/or the Bertrand Russell Foundation. Latest resignee: Sicilian social worker Danilo Dolci.

● Prime Minister Harold Holt received a heartier endorsement than even he in the final hours before the election had expected, or predicted. Holt's Liberal-Country coalition at this writing has won at least 78 seats in the 124-member lower house in Australia, a gain of seven, and Arthur Calwell's Labor Party has been reduced to 44 seats. The election, unlike our own recent one, was fought on one issue: whether to go all the way with LBJ on Vietnam. Holt is for full support of the United States; Calwell would have withdrawn Australian units from the Vietnam war. The people of Australia, on the reasonable assumption that only the United States stands between them and the power of Red China, gave Prime Minister Holt his mandate. Amazing how easy it is to think clearly when the Red menace is next door and not twelve thousand miles away.

● POETRY, PROLETARIAN DIVISION (From the *Worker,* Nov. 20, by John Barton):

LBJ the traveler has lately made a splash
And emitted in his speeches quite a bit of balderdash
And with certain politicians has been obliged to clash
On minor kinds of issues that don't amount to hash.
In short, our President, I feel, has been a little rash:
Perhaps at last he's feeling the growing peace backlash.

● Because they do business with Israel, the Arab League voted to boycott Ford and Coca-Cola in Algeria, Iraq, Jordan, Kuwait, Lebanon, Libya, Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Syria, the UAR and Yemen, leaving those non-alcoholic countries drier than ever. In New York, African delegates had their latest sweat over the "South African lobster tails" that appeared on the menu of the UN commissary. A partially thawed wrapper, brought dripping from the kitchen, showed that the lobster tails were actually from New Zealand and relieved delicate stomachs.

● In response to a recent editorial query, "Where's Snow?", the following communications have been received in our offices as of Wednesday, November 30: "Dear Sirs: I think I have your Snow. EDGAR SNOW, author of *Red Star Over China* and *The Other Side of the River,* had an article in the July 30 issue of the *New Republic.* His opinion was that we were forcing Russia into a war over Vietnam. That's not right, is it.—Yours, *Mrs. Walter Upshot, Wilmington.*" . . . "Dear *NR:* Imagine my surprise when I picked up my very favorite magazine and found your note! 'Charming' of you to ask! We are living here now, all nine of us, in the dearest little wooden shoe you ever saw and *love* it except we can't understand being so near your distribution center and all why we always get our issue two weeks late. Oh, well. Someday my prints will come.—Fondly, SNOW WHITE, *Des Moines.*" . . . "*Confidential* Gentlemen: c(harles) p(ercy) SNOW, novelist and science buff, resigned his post in the Labor government April 5, 1966. His whereabouts were unknown for some

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Concedes the President, "It will be more difficult for any new legislation we might propose." The accuracy of this prediction will be determined in the House of Representatives, since the elections changed the Senate's party and ideological ratios very little. And in the House, much will depend on renewal of the Republican-conservative Democrat coalition. The potential for an effective House coalition certainly is present and only needs to be given leadership. A poll of the new House indicates that, if the GOP remains firm, practically no new Great Society legislation—other than a Social Security hike—is likely to pass, and that even recently enacted legislation may be in trouble. In the old Congress, the House balance in favor of new Great Society bills was 218 to 195, with 22 swing votes. The new House will be opposed to new G. S. legislation by a 217-177 margin, with 41 swing votes. The most the President can hope for on rent supplements is a continuation of the pilot level provided this year; the margin has switched from 213-208 in favor to 238-173 opposed. The war on poverty is up for funding again in 1967, and while the old House supported it by a 240-191 margin, the new House favors cuts by a 225-191 margin. It was the House that voted for open housing this year, the Senate that killed it by filibuster; the new House will be opposed by a 216-205 margin, with fourteen swing votes. Organized labor's program faces opposition from 227 members and support from only 188 members.

◆ For their part, the 82 Southern Democrats in the new House can be expected to vote more conservatively than before. Too many Southern Liberals lost to conservative Republicans for the message of the '66 elections to have escaped them. What they lack, with the primary defeat of Virginia Rep. Howard Smith, is a leader. Rep. William Colmer (Miss.) succeeds Smith as chairman of the House Rules Committee, but apparently in no other department. Others mentioned as potential commanders of the Southern Democrats are Burleson of Texas, Tuck of Virginia, Whitten of Mississippi and Waggoner of Louisiana.

◆ It is the Republicans who—on the surface at least—seem hesitant to forge a strong coalition. In an interview with the *Washington Post*, House GOP Leader Gerald Ford stated that "House Republicans will make their own decisions. We'll be grateful for any Democratic votes we can get, North or South. But make it crystal clear there will be no coalition." It is tempting to discount Ford's stance as a GOP public relations ploy. He knows he will have a larger and more conservative body of House Republicans next year, and that on many issues he will have the votes of the conservative Southern Democrats without publicly having to beg for them—for the reason noted above. Such an independent stance, moreover, suits the image congressional Republicans would like to strengthen, of "positive alternatives" to the Great Society, rather than mere opposition. But the GOP leadership will have to cooperate closely with the conservative Democrats on the key committees—Rules, Appropriations, and Ways and Means—if it intends to stop the more radical Administration proposals and get its own alternatives on the floor.

◆ The first major test for the conservative coalition will be on the 21-day rule limiting the House Rules Committee, which was adopted in 1965 (with Liberal Republicans providing the Administration's winning margin), up for renewal in the new Congress. Most major legislation must be cleared by the Rules Committee before the full House can consider it, and in the past conservative committee chairmen used this power to kill many Liberal proposals. The 21-day rule allowed the Speaker of the House to call up bills that had been delayed in the Rules Committee more than 21 days, thus bypassing the Committee's chairman. Failure of Republicans to team up with enough Southern Democrats to junk the 21-day rule could lead to a serious challenge to Ford's leadership of the House Republicans, most of whom reason that once any new Great Society proposals come to a floor vote the GOP will again have a choice of voting for them ("me-tooism") or against them ("negativism"). Given that dismal choice, they would rather see the genie bottled by the Rules Committee.

—CATO

---

months but we can now report that he has taken up U.S. citizenship somewhere in Illinois. There is some conjecture that he dropped his surname, ran for the Senate and won by 56% of the vote but except for the percentage of the vote that cannot be established at this time. It is known that at the time of his disappearance Sir Charles was conducting rather extensive and highly complex laboratory experiments.—Sincerely, *Prof. G. B. Dowling, Seismography Institute, University of Chicago.*" . . . "Scattered snow showers are forecast for the upper Missouri Valley today and light snow and flurries are expected from the Rockies to the Sierras. Over the Pacific Coast today and tomorrow: rain.—*U. S. Weather Bureau.*"

● Has *any*one seen C.P. Snow?

Assassination

If it were incorporated and if it issued stock, the brokers on Wall Street would chase after it, for it is the nation's newest, loudest, and most likely to succeed Growth Industry. The assassination, of course. Who hasn't been heard from? *Life*, three years after the event, still hucksters mags to the mob, yelling wuxtry wuxtry, read all about the statement issued by Gov. Connally concerning Frame 245 (118, 231, x, y, z) of the Zapruder Film. *Esquire* goes into in-

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comprehensible detail on the various theories, conclusions, difficulties, retorts, and elegancies. *Ramparts* has been smoked out; its November number fairly shrieks for the impeachment of Earl Warren.

Inquest (Epstein), *Rush to Judgment* (Mark Lane), *Whitewash* (Weisberg)—who hasn't written all about it? The books sell by the thousands, the magazines fall all over themselves in a morbid fascination akin to the medieval traffic in splinters of the True Cross. The missing evidence. The lost documents. The burned papers. The dead witnesses. The altered films. The contradictory reports.

It is rather fascinating, isn't it? to consider the pathology of a mind bent absolutely on making a point. Mr. Robert Welch, in his sprightly *The Politician*, asks you to believe only one thing: that Mr. Eisenhower is a Communist. That done, all the evidence cooperates, the pieces fit together, the man's career is a major achievement of unity and consistency. The assassination gang are no different. Only believe that Warren, his Commission, President Johnson, the Dallas police department, all editorial writers, and the Beatles are in cahoots, and the rest falls into line like West Point cadets. Who's got the missing manhole cover? Aha!

Well, boys will be ghouls. *Cui bono*? We note that the principal commotion has blown up out of the North-Northwest, Hamlet's mad quarter. The anarchist Left perceived immediately the benefits it could derive from impugning the Warren Report. That made it a sort of point of honor for all Boy Scouts to support Mr. Warren. Latterly Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, whose work in this matter has come in for some of the heaviest weather NNW, declared that he backed up the Warren Report, and that all of its critics have been unable to come up with a plausible alternative to the established theory: Oswald, a loner, did it.

Bird Watching

Conscious of the Conservative take-over in Norway last winter, after thirty years of Socialist control there, Sweden's Socialists are said to be quite nervous, and Denmark's are reportedly not far behind in their nervousness.

New York Times

Ever watch a flock of geese
Flutter at a fowling-piece?
First the outer fringes flap
As the double chambers snap;
With the cataclysmic BANG,
***Panic* hits the goosey gang.**
Taking off in disarray,
All the honkers fly away!
If Liberals had feathers, gee,
What a hunter I would be.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Mayor on Vietnam

During the campaign for Mayor of New York (1965) Mr. John Lindsay, to the relief of foreign affairs, said very little about foreign affairs, though on one or two occasions he did produce a platitude or two, lest he disappoint his trained audiences. On "Meet the Press" during the summer he ventured that escalation never does any good because the other side goes on to complementary escalation—and then where are you? Listening to Lindsay.

It was generally understood at the time of his election, e.g. by the *New York Times* and *Time* Magazine, that Mr. Lindsay had emerged as a strong contender for the highest political office, and of course anyone who proposes to run for President, or be considered as Presidential material, is supposed to give his views on everything in the world, and everything in the world these days is, particularly, Vietnam.

The Mayor has now spoken. To a left-wing French newspaper called *Combat*, which headlined its interview with Mr. Lindsay: "The War in Vietnam Must Be Stopped Soonest," a proposition with which no one, save possibly Vietnamese undertakers, would reasonably disagree. The question is How, and Mr. Lindsay is quoted in criticism of President Johnson's conduct of the war: "There have been what one may call missed opportunities: the Administration has not made the most of its diplomatic cards and, at times, it has acted too brutally." Does that mean, the interrogator asked, that we should negotiate with the Vietcong? "It isn't that simple," said the Mayor, simply. "A round-table [negotiation] at the present moment is inconceivable. The diplomatic channel is a different matter [namely], a long series of mediations, contacts and feelers, where none of the parties engaged in the conflict needs worry about their prestige with international public opinion." Diplomatic cryptographers are invited to analyze that statement. If it means other than that representatives of the principals should feel free to communicate other than on the stage of Radio City Music Hall, score one sunburst for John Lindsay.

Concerning the question of brutality, Mr. Lindsay should make himself clear. Does he consider it brutal to bomb the supply depots that accumulate material to be used to kill South Vietnamese and Americans? Brutal to bomb roads and bridges over which that material is carried? Does he have other information pertaining to American brutality? Whom is he waiting to give it to? Lord Bertrand Russell?

But hold, there is more to come. Asked about Mr. Johnson's foreign policy in general, Mr. Lindsay said it "could innovate and should be dynamic at any price, that is less a prisoner of a situation dating back to the post-war era." Understand? Why, oh why, didn't someone think of that before!

If you believe that these vapidities are no more a

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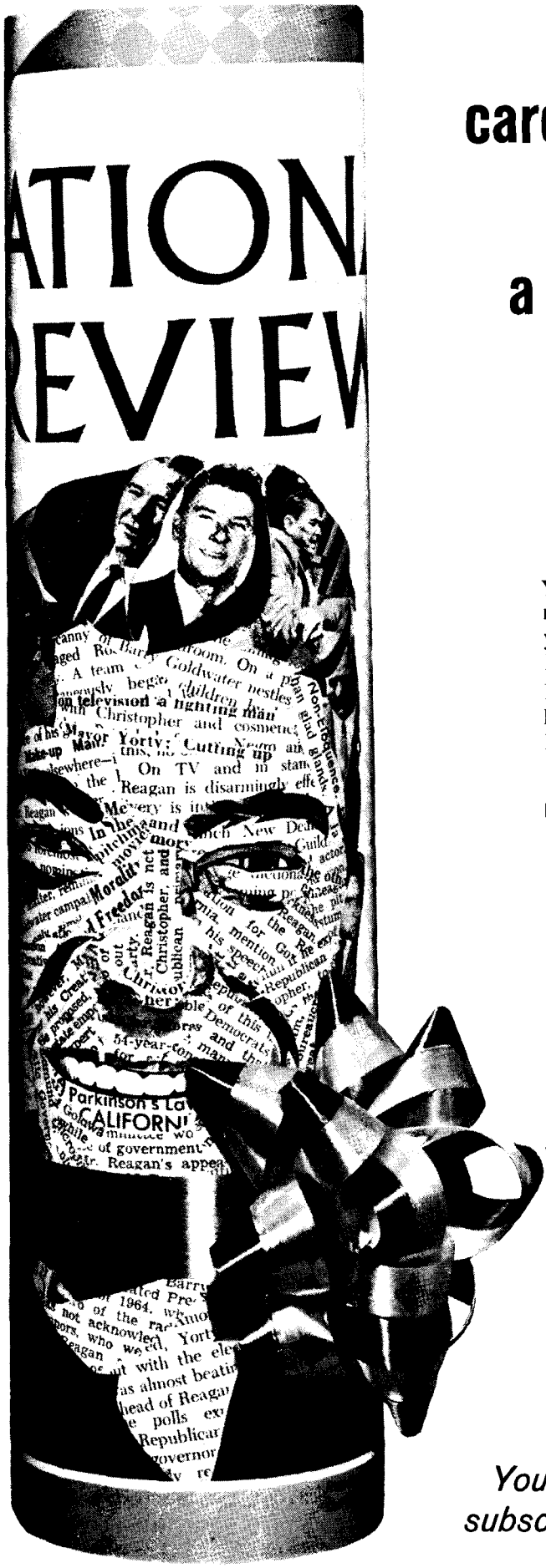

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national problem than the rest of New York City's smog, you are probably correct; even so it is probably fair to warn what are the auspices under which said vapidities are being airborne. We quote the editors of *Combat* which, published in Paris, is after all farther away from New York than Des Moines or San Francisco: "We are hardly interested here in the local affairs of New York City. We are interested indeed in the views on world affairs of a man who may one day be the President of the United States."

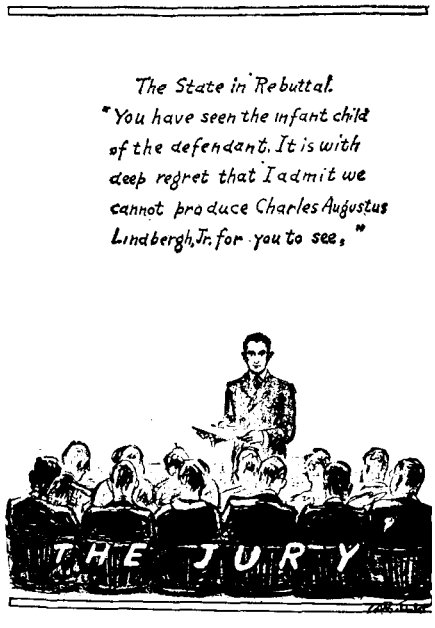
Granted, it is not within the power of *Combat,* and let us pray not even within the power of *Time* or the *New York Times,* to make the Mayor the President. It is within the power of all useful citizens to reflect on the general meaning of Mr. Lindsay's sally. What he is doing is exactly what Senator Robert Kennedy has done, namely to stake out a position in the event of the failure of President Johnson successfully to conclude the Vietnam war by election time. 1968. Concerning this, Mayor Lindsay is, for once, absolutely translucent. "The outgoing President," he told *Combat,* "will have to have solved this [the Vietnamese] affair, whatever the cost, if he wants to present himself again in 1968." The trick, as Senator Kennedy has shown, is to situate oneself outside President Johnson's position without coming up with anything glaringly concrete. For a while it was thought to be risqué to propose negotiating directly with the Vietcong, but it is slowly becoming apparent that that is about as dramatic an alternative to the announced disposition of the President to negotiate with the North Vietnamese, as it would be to suggest negotiating directly with Bill Moyers rather than President Johnson. The Vietcong is North Vietnam. Mr. Kennedy's proposal is without substance, and Mr. Lindsay's is even less substantial. It is a political maneuver, designed to opportunize on the distress of the nation without—as the English journalist Peregrine Worsthorne said of Senator Kennedy's continuing static on the problem—coming to the point of advocating truly concrete alternatives. Those who optimistically believe that that sort of thing is not in the long run likely to commend the opportunist to the voters at large, will take satisfaction in speculating that it is likelier by far that Mr. Lindsay will be the next editor of *Combat,* than the next President of the United States.

Thin Edge of Disaster

Regular units of the Israeli army cross into Jordan, destroy 150 houses in the village of Es Samu, kill eighteen people. Students and agitators in Jordan riot against King Hussein and demand arms with which to fight the Israelis. Radio Damascus and Radio Cairo charge that the leaders of both Jordan and Israel are murderers. King Faisal of Saudi Arabia offers Hussein 20,000 men of his regular army; the

BATCHELOR & THE THIRTIES

People in the News


The State in Rebuttal
"You have seen the infant child of the defendant. It is with deep regret that I admit we cannot produce Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. for you to see."
THE JURY

Share the Wealth
"Long doesn't know what he represents, but he is hell-bent on representing it." Sen. Joe Robinson
Everyman a King

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first of the Saudi Arabia troops are reported to have entered Jordan. Faisal is supporting the rebel royalists in Yemen; Nasser has 50,000 of his men tied down there, trying to keep his puppet republican government in power. Ahmad Shukairy, head of the Palestinian Liberation Organization that claims two million members in the Arab world—nearly two-thirds of them in Jordan—calls for the overthrow of Hussein's government; announces the PLO has 10,000 troops in the Gaza strip, plus others trained in guerrilla tactics in Vietnam operating in Jordan and Israel. The United Nations Security Council censures Israel for the November 13 raid on Es Samu. An Israeli Mirage shoots down two Egyptian MiG-19s that have strayed across the Israeli border. The same day it is reported that the Yemen royalists have also downed an Egyptian MiG. Since the royalists have no air force their plane must have been supplied by the Saudi Arabians and presumably flown by a Saudi Arabian pilot. King Hussein, in a rare press interview on November 29, warns that the Middle East is on the brink of an explosion more dangerous to world peace than the Suez crisis of 1956. He charges that the disturbances in Jordan are Communist-inspired in a "new Soviet plan for this area, the result of setbacks the Communists have suffered at several points around the world in Asia and in Africa." A spokesman at Sixth Fleet Headquarters in Naples confirms that the fleet is on alert, ready to move into troubled Mediterranean areas at word from Washington—as it was in 1958 when Arab nationalists threatened the pro-Western governments of Jordan and Lebanon.

An explosive situation it is all around, complicated by the deep animosities between the Western-oriented governments of Saudi Arabia and Jordan and the socialist, anti-colonialist regimes of Egypt, Syria and Iraq. Complicated by the Israeli question. Complicated by Colonel Nasser's growing economic and political problems at home, his stalemated war in Yemen, his waning influence as leader of a new Arab world. Complicated by the nineteen-year-old decision of the United States, Britain, and France to maintain an arms balance in the Middle East. So complicated, in a word, that King Hussein may be right. The restless volcano in the Middle East could erupt at any moment.

Romney's Letter

"Where were you, George, when the chips were down and the going was hard? I don't claim for one moment that had you, Governor Smylie, Governor Rockefeller, Senator Keating, Senator Javits, etc., supported me, I would have won. I can tell you that many rank-and-file Republicans got a bad taste in their mouths when they saw leaders of their own party failing to support a national ticket." Thus Senator Goldwater to Governor Romney, shortly after the elections in 1964, to which Governor Romney answered at enormous length (twelve pages) recounting the reasons why he had found it impossible to support the national ticket.

Before pausing over the arguments used by Governor Romney, one naturally wonders just why the exchange all of a sudden surfaced now, about two years after it took place. The reasonable inference is that Governor Romney leaked the letter (his letter —though not Goldwater's—was published fully in the *New York Times* as an exclusive). If so, his motives must have been to publicize his defense fully, and now, against the charge of infidelity—so that the storm will blow now, and blow away before Convention time in 1968.

Governor Romney's letter is a blend of sanctimony, social history, and analysis, all of it self-serving, from which those who are given to suspicion will conclude that he went out of his way to present a series of conditions which Goldwater could not easily meet, hoping to have an excuse to fail to endorse him—much as Governor Rockefeller, in 1960, did his level best to humiliate Nixon by giving him an ultimatum on the eve of the Convention, only to find that it is very difficult to humiliate Mr. Nixon. There was a constant stream of communications, ideas, suggested platform revisions, and the like, and one gathers that at some point along the line Senator Goldwater concluded that inasmuch as it was he, not Romney, who had been nominated, he, not Romney, would wage his campaign. Whereupon Romney proceeded to wage his own campaign, winning handily in a state that Goldwater lost disastrously. Romney does not believe that his failure to support Goldwater cost the national ticket very much support. He obviously believes that to have done so would have cost him considerable support. *Human Events* has revealed that 27 per cent of the delegates to the 1964 Convention believe that no one should be considered in 1968 who denied support to the national party in 1964.

The featured excuse of Governor Romney was that Senator Goldwater had forged a campaign designed to appeal to Southern segregationists. In making this claim, the Governor underwrote the exasperating point that to favor states' rights is to favor segregation. If one wishes to play at that sort of a game, one could remark that to favor Mormonism, which Governor Romney does, is to favor the doctrine of the congenital and perpetual inferiority of the black race, a little dogmatic problem within Governor Romney's church which he is overdue in reconciling with his political faith.

Anyway, it is now out in the open—exactly why

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Governor Romney took a walk. There are those who will be persuaded by it. It remains to be seen whether Senator Goldwater is one of them, and it is to him, the principally aggrieved, that the delegates will look for signs of absolution.

Only Believe

The lingering enmity between James Meredith and Roy Wilkins looks more and more like a personal conflict-of-generations. Meredith, 33, is Youth Rampant, and Wilkins, 65, the footscraping, staid ole Daddy-O unable to provide Negroes with proper leadership. That has been the theme of Meredith's rather chaotic remarks ever since 1963 when he inflamed a Chicago NAACP audience by saying, "Anyone of you burr-heads out there could be the owner or manager of a large department store, president of a corporation, or even mayor of the city of Chicago [a reference to intransigent Mayor Daley, to whom NAACP officials had just apologized for some local Negro harassment]. Only believe, all things are possible if you only believe." Meredith went on to instruct his audience on how to save money ("The last suit I bought was a nice summer suit, $23.50 from one of them cheap stores that my broke high-class Negro friends would not be caught in. Damn fools."), how to build up a good credit rating, and how to organize and control political demonstrations.

All this was received as patronizing and insulting nonsense. Meredith since then has steered an independent course, vehemently dissociating himself from the NAACP, as vehemently lecturing it (for a fee), and in general looking like a man who would lead if only the rest would follow.

Obviously, Meredith believes in the civil rights struggle. Obviously, he believes he has a place in it and that it must be carved out without official sponsorship. The NAACP, he has repeatedly intimated, has taken undeserved credit for the onslaught on Ole Miss which first made him a star, and events like last summer's stroll through Mississippi, culminating in the blast of birdshot that brought every civil rights leader in the business down to cash in on what was to have been a solo appearance, have only exacerbated his pride and his will to power. The people, he said a few months ago, deserve to pick the leaders: "I think the time is long past for the leaders to pick themselves." And a week or so ago in Columbus, Ohio, he engaged in another public tussle with Father Wilkins.

In a way, Meredith is the Bobby Kennedy of the civil rights movement. He is a loner. He has charm. His appeal is almost innocently demagogic. His views are seldom as clear as the emotion with which he states them. He talks self-help, political pressure, alienation, accommodation, all at once. He believes profoundly in his own mission and his own usefulness. He can arouse enthusiasm in a crowd. He takes an almost narcissistic pleasure in retailing real or imagined slights, for example this not entirely humorous passage from that Chicago speech three years ago:

"Recently I attended an affair in New York City at which one of the speakers was Mayor Wagner. He said in his speech that the only person that he could compare me with was the latest American astronaut. After my graduation on August 18, 1963, I will anxiously await my invitation from the mayor of New York City announcing my ticker tape parade date. Or will it be the same old story, 'But you are a Negro.'"

Meredith has no organization and will probably not get very far within the black power structure. But he may very well be the most interesting man it has recently produced.

Be on your guard, Uncle Sam!

Notes and Asides

We have the results of a survey of delivery dates of four consecutive issues of NATIONAL REVIEW. Not a single person received all four issues on the same day of the week. The best (i.e. earliest) deliveries were reported on Manhattan's upper East Side, in the New York suburb of Larchmont, in semi-rural Suffern, N.Y., and in Rockford, Illinois. A subscriber in Cambridge, Massachusetts turned in the poorest

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score. There was a very general tendency for delivery dates to lengthen as addresses moved west from our mailing point in Meriden, Connecticut; but Independence, Kansas was consistently two days ahead of Topeka; and Los Angeles appeared to be at least a day farther west than San Francisco. Subscribers in or near urban centers tended to beat their country kin to the mag. Chicago gets good service; but over the line in Wisconsin the going seems pretty slow. Generally, you have nothing to complain about if your magazine arrives on Tuesday or Wednesday (or, in California, even Thursday or Friday). To all who helped in the survey, many thanks. We regret the erratic service, but there isn't anything we can do about it, except ☞ Flash! ☞—sell the post office to private industry?

On the Right

Annihilation in China & U.S. Indifference

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A year or so ago, in a widely quoted speech, much of it perversely irrelevant, Senator William Fulbright wisely observed that "insofar as a nation is content to practice its doctrines within its own frontiers, that nation, however repugnant its ideology, is one with which we have no proper quarrel." Thus, even though it is clearly within our power to do something about it, we do not interfere with, say Papa Doc in Haiti, or whoever it is currently in charge of carnage in Nigeria. But there are nations in the world which do very much desire to practice their doctrines outside their own frontiers, and our interest in those doctrines is accordingly other than abstract.

The West German correspondent Jurgen Dennert is quoted in *Life* Magazine. He has been in China, observing the activities of the Red Guards.

"In Wuhan," he writes, "I saw—I could almost touch him—a Christian priest surrounded by the Guards. They had put a white robe over his clerical vestments and tied a piece of wood around his neck so that his head was forced down at an angle of almost 90 degrees. The top of the dunce cap pointed ahead like an arrow. Behind him were a group of ten or twelve people, probably part of his parish. I could see their faces very clearly—an expression of despondency, visible even beneath the black lacquer which the Communists had smeared on their faces. . . I counted more than sixty victims being led past in less than two hours. I asked one of my interpreters: 'What happens to the people who are taken out of the city?' He smiled courteously and said, 'They will return in the evening.'

" 'And those who leave at night?'

" 'I guess they will return the next morning.'

" 'I have never seen any come back.'

" 'But I have.'

" 'And when they return, where do they live?'

" 'In their houses, naturally.'

" 'How do they enter their houses if the doors and windows are sealed up and nailed?'

" 'Only such houses are sealed as have second entrances.'

" 'But if they are not where they live—could they possibly be in prison?'

" 'Impossible. We do not have prisons for millions of people.'

" 'But if they are not in their houses and not in prison, where are they?'

" 'You have seen too much in China.' "

An estimate of the victims of the great purge that followed the taking of the Mainland by the Communists in 1949 was made by a commission retained by the AFL. The appalling figure it came out with was twenty million people.

The Free World did nothing.

Meanwhile, the Chinese Communists developed an atom bomb, and then an atom missile. And now they have begun a purge which some observers believe will be the most massive in Red Chinese history. Again we do—nothing. Nothing except, in some quarters, to urge admitting Red China into the United Nations and to whisper about the alleged delinquencies of Pope Pius XII in failing to rally sentiment to relieve human suffering 25 years ago in Germany.

It might be contended, taking into account the limitations of any single country to order the workings of other countries that Senator Fulbright points out, that we were justified in interfering with Hitler's viciousness not merely because he was tormenting Germans and killing German Jews—but because he also threatened the peace of the world. At any rate, one must agree that the satisfaction we took in overthrowing Hitler was more acute than the satisfaction we had from overthrowing the Kaiser: because in the war against Hitler, self-defense and the ethical impulse to help one's fellow human beings brilliantly fused.

But many Liberals are at best perplexing in their handling of the matter. We are simultaneously told that the world can never forget nor forgive itself the callousness it showed towards the persecution of the Jews in the late Thirties—a judgment with which I tend to agree. And so we continually berate ourselves. To what purpose? Surely to remind ourselves that we should not permit such a thing as happened to the Jews to happen again—certainly not to victims of an aggressive power that seeks to "practice its doctrines" outside its own frontiers.

Certainly not China. Why don't these Liberals speak out?

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Secretary Knox and Pearl Harbor:

This statement by Admiral Frank Beatty, never before published, is a historical document of prime importance in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pearl Harbor. There is probably no one else alive who can give so revealing an account of what Pearl Harbor looked like immediately after the attack, and of the effect of the unexpected attack on the participants and surviving victims of Roosevelt's need for a dramatic surprise to unite the nation behind him in war.

In addition to solid historical information, the article has many special points of interest. It indicates how top officials in Washington—aside from Roosevelt and Marshall—had been so hypnotized by the parading of Japanese forces down the coast of Southeast Asia that they concluded that the Japanese would launch their first attack in the Far East. It validates the effectiveness of the Roosevelt-Marshall suppression of details having to do with warnings to Pearl Harbor after December 4. A leading aim of Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox in going to Pearl Harbor was to try to discover how Admiral Kimmel could have been so completely surprised considering that Knox had ordered a warning message sent to Kimmel at Pearl Harbor and to Hart at Manila on the night of December 6, after he learned of the arrival of the Japanese reply to Hull's ultimatum. The Japanese rebuff had for days been regarded by Washington as marking the time when war would be right at hand. No record could be found that this warning message had ever been sent from Washington or received at Pearl Harbor. Not even the Secretary of the Navy was above the effective ban on warnings to Pearl Harbor.

Some points were amplified during a pleasant interview I had with Admiral Beatty in San Francisco. Secretary Knox's report to Roosevelt completely absolved General Short and Admiral Kimmel of any and all dereliction of duty with respect to the surprise attack. But this was not in accord with Roosevelt's need to make them the scapegoats and saddle them with the responsibility for being surprised, an operation which was almost immediately launched in the commissioning of the notorious Roberts Commission. Hence, Knox's report was immediately suppressed by Roosevelt and was brought to light only during the Joint Congressional Committee Investigation of Pearl Harbor in 1945–1946, after the war was over, by lucky accident growing out of the initiative of Senator Homer Ferguson of the Committee minority. Even then, little or no publicity was given to this important aspect of the suppressed report. Probably not one American in a million knows anything about it to this day. I am personally inclined to think that Admiral Beatty is a little overkind to Roosevelt in stressing the fact that the Knox report had to be suppressed to keep the Japanese from knowing about the damage inflicted at Pearl Harbor. They could have learned plenty about this from the newspapers by the time Knox had returned to Washington.

Furthermore, the publicity given to Knox's visit well illustrated the cleverness of Secretary of War Stimson in shifting his own guilt to the shoulders of others, a technique for which he became notorious in the post-Pearl Harbor investigations of the surprise attack. Roosevelt had ordered Knox and Stimson to prepare separate statements concerning the responsibility for the surprise and the devastation. They were intended to indicate that the Army and the Navy shared the responsibility equally. Knox issued his statement as to Navy responsibility first, and it naturally received great publicity in large headlines all over the country. Stimson adroitly delayed his statement until it had lost much of its interest as hot news. Hence it got few headlines and most of the statement appeared on the inside pages of the newspapers. The result was that the great majority of the public felt that the main responsibility for the Pearl Harbor disaster fell on the Navy and that Knox had admitted this to be the case.

Finally, as absorbing reading, Admiral Beatty's article, with its account of the intrepid air trip, so different from those of today in our fast and comfortable superjets, the spectacle of the devastated Pearl Harbor area, and Knox's intense interest in gathering the facts, is a documentary gem for those interested in recording crucial and dramatic occurrences in our past. The editors are fortunate in being able to reproduce it here.

Harry Elmer Barnes

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The Background of the Secret Report

Vice Admiral
FRANK E. BEATTY, *U. S. N. Ret.*

A White House usher leaned over my shoulder and said, "Captain Beatty, the Secretary's office would like you to come to the phone. They said it was urgent." So I asked my luncheon partner, a British WREN on leave, to excuse me, made my apologies to Mrs. Roosevelt, our luncheon hostess, and proceeded to the telephone.

John Dillon, Confidential Assistant to Secretary Knox, to whom I was Naval Aide, was at the other end of the wire. He told me that the Japanese had attacked our fleet at Pearl Harbor and that the Secretary wished me to return to the office as soon as I could conveniently do so.

While I was absent, the luncheon had ended and the guests were assembled in the East Room. I told Mrs. Beatty that we should leave quickly, advised the young WREN that I feared that her much-planned-for leave was drawing to an unexpected termination and that she should phone her embassy as soon as possible. Then we said goodbye to Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Beatty dropped me at the Navy Department on her way home. En route, I told her of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

For a number of weeks, and particularly since the "War Warning" sent out in late November, we had kept long office hours and when we were away from the office one of us was on duty at home, always near the phone. For it was becoming menacingly evident, despite the presence in Washington of the Japanese envoys Nomura and Kurusu, that the pot was boiling in the Far East. Something was going to happen, somewhere—and soon.

Not long before, our submarines had followed the movements of a Japanese landing force of considerable size, with its attendant escorts, in Kamranh Bay, a splendid harbor about midway down the coast of Indochina. While the Japanese were in port, the submarines had maintained a close watch on the entrance to the harbor. Daily reconnaissance flights from the Philippines by PBY from Admiral Hart's Asiatic fleet kept watch.

When the Japanese Task Force emerged from Kamranh, it was shadowed and trailed by our submarines, so Washington was alerted as to the composition, course and speed of this group of vessels.

In addition, through our breaking of the Japanese codes, we were alerted as to the destination of this particular group, it being known that the ships were headed for the KRA Peninsula. Khota Baru, their destination, was also broken out of code.

Despite our knowledge of these facts, there was a strong, definite feeling within the War and Navy Departments that the United States was not going to be attacked—either in the Philippines or elsewhere.

It had been the Secretary's policy to hold a daily meeting at a fixed time in order that he might be kept constantly aware of the world situation. To this meeting, the Chief of Naval Operations, the Chief of Naval War Plans, the Chief of Naval Personnel, the Commandant of the Marine Corps, the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics and a number of other senior officers were invited. The Chief of Naval Intelligence, Captain Wilkinson, presented a map-study which was worldwide in scope. As Knox's Naval Aide, I was present.

On Saturday, December 6, the usual meeting was held. The movement of the Japanese Task Force, which was known to be at sea and headed south along the coast of Indochina, was discussed. Secretary Knox, addressing the conference in general, then asked the question, "Gentlemen, are they going to hit us?" The reply came quickly from a senior officer, Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, generally considered the spokesman for the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Stark. "No, Mr. Secretary. They are going to attack the British. They are not ready for us yet." This conversation has been impressed in my mind ever since that day. There was no dissenting voice. Turner's concise statement apparently represented the thinking of the Navy Department.

That gives us the background. Although there was a strong feeling that an attack was imminent, the powerful United States was not to be attacked. How wrong these prophets proved to be!

Now it was December 7, 1941. All was a beehive of conferences and phone calls as the U.S. Navy assumed a full war status. It was evident, from available information, that the Navy and the Army Air installations had been dealt a devastating blow by a treacherous, beautifully planned and

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well-conducted surprise attack. The situation on the Island of Oahu was alarming in its uncertainty.

The hours were long that evening.

During the night, the Secretary decided to ask the President for permission to make a personal visit to Oahu for an inspection of the terrific damage with a view to placing the responsibility for the unprepared condition in which the attack had caught our forces. Upon the Secretary's return with the President's blessing on his trip, plans were commenced. We were to depart the following morning.

A Long, Uncomfortable Flight

The Secretary's pilot, Lieutenant Easton, was alerted. Arrangements were made for a plane to be available at the Naval Air Station, San Diego, for the overseas flight. All information received regarding conditions at Pearl Harbor was put together as background material for the Secretary to study during the flight out. Because of the investigative nature of his visit, the Secretary gave orders that he would not be the guest of any senior officer on Oahu. For that reason hotel reservations were made.

Our party included, besides the Secretary and myself as his Naval Aide, Mr. Joseph W. Powell, Class of 1897, U.S. Naval Academy, Vice President of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company and Special Assistant to the Secretary in Shipbuilding Matters, selected because of his naval knowledge as well as his comprehensive background in shipbuilding and ship repairs, and Lieutenant Commander Edward A. Hayes, U.S. Naval Reserve, the Special Assistant to Secretary Knox.

On the eve of our departure, Mrs. Beatty and I accompanied Secretary and Mrs. Knox to the Capitol to hear the strong and dramatic war message by the President asking Congress to declare the United States to be in a state of war with Japan.

With Lieutenant Easton piloting the Secretary's Lockheed we landed at Memphis at 12:45. The plane was gassed, a lunch quickly taken and we were off again—destination, El Paso.

The effect of the war was already noticeable. The number of planes flying westward was large. The fields over which we passed, particularly at Memphis, were filled with airplanes. The train of supplies had begun to flow as America, a nation divided as to the necessity for entering the struggle, lethargic in peace in a war-filled world, stirred and made strong by the Japanese attack, had, united by this treachery, started to think in terms of men and material.

At El Paso predictions of bad weather ahead precluded our going farther that day. That evening we listened to the President's war speech—and were again impressed by the critical situation in the Hawaiian Islands.

The nation had not yet learned the importance of security with respect to military information. At El Paso, we specifically requested that no mention be made of our arrival or departure. On our arrival at San Diego the next day, however, we found that quite complete information regarding our trip was in the local paper under an El Paso dateline.

On December 10, flying conditions were miserable. The weather over the mountains caused an extremely rough flight—and we iced up heavily—but we pushed on through to the welcoming sight of Point Loma and the Pacific beneath us.

At San Diego, the Secretary was told the flight westward would be a good one despite rough flying at the start. When the forecast was explained, the Secretary asked to see the Aerological Officer. Lieutenant Beyerly backed up his weather predictions. "That's just fine, son," Colonel Knox remarked, "but you come along on the flight with me." Beyerly stood all the way.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Our party had been assigned a PB2Y Coronado, a large four-engined flying boat which had already been loaded with plasma, serums, and other badly-needed medical supplies. There was talk of removing some of these supplies, but the Secretary, after questioning the pilot, would have none of the vital cargo delayed.

First Look at Pearl Harbor

We embarked about 6 P.M. Our first run was dry; the plane would not leave the water, which meant a long taxi to the starting point. This time we made it after a run of miles, and in taking off we cleared the building by far too small a distance to make anyone entirely happy. The pilot tried to get above the overcast, but at 7,000 feet the turbulence became so great and the icing condition so bad that we descended from 1,200 to 1,000 feet, to remain at this level for the first 600 miles before going up to 12,000 feet—where it was smooth, but intensely cold. The night was far from being a comfortable one, this type of plane not having been designed for luxury traveling. As it became cold, we donned full cold-weather flying gear, including boots. Thus clad, and with heaps of blankets on us, we passed the restless, noisy night.

Before dawn, Battle Stations was sounded. We donned life preservers and parachutes. The machine guns of the plane were manned. No one knew the conditions which lay ahead and we were prepared for the worst.

As we neared the islands, the crater of Haleakala on the Island of Maui should have been sighted. Time passed and this, the highest point of the islands, did not come into view, and so we broke our radio silence, obtained a fix, and adjusted our course to Kaneohe Bay. We received strict instructions for our approach, both as to course and altitude—and for our own safety followed them implicitly. We knew that after what those on Oahu had been through, friends were apt to be suspicious and trigger fingers itchy.

We landed at Kaneohe Bay without incident.

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Oahu, December 11, 1941

"The Air Station at Kaneohe seems to have been completely devastated." These were the words of Secretary Knox in describing his first reactions. So far as we could see, no planes remained in flying condition. The wreckage of Navy PBY seaplanes which had been shot to pieces or burned was visible on the ramps and in the water. The large hangars were burnt out. Everywhere our men were trying to salvage something out of the wreckage. This was the first of the many examples we saw and discussed with pride of the wonderful American spirit which prevailed among our services wherever we visited.

Only the day before they had buried their dead. Also buried with full military honors was a Japanese pilot, a naval officer. I cannot help wondering if, after the bloody years that followed, we still would have given an enemy aviator these honors.

On our way in from Kaneohe we passed the wreckage of cars strafed by Japanese planes and saw a beached Japanese two-man sub which had been far off in its reckoning. At the Royal Hawaiian—grim and unlike the gay tourist hotel of peacetime days — Admiral Kimmel met us. We proceeded with him to his quarters at Pearl Harbor.

Those who had gone through the harrowing experiences that had broken the quiet of that Sunday morning were definitely security-minded. Conversations were carried on in whispers, with much glancing around lest words be overheard.

What a tragic picture Pearl Harbor presented! Before us lay the shambles of the Battle Line of the world's mightiest fleet. All of our modern battleships, save the *Colorado*, were there, damaged in various degrees.

The *Arizona*, a shattered mass of wreckage with smoke still pouring from her debris. The *Oklahoma* capsized. The *Maryland*, *Tennessee* and *Pennsylvania* bombed or torpedoed. The *Nevada* grounded near the hospital, bombed in her valiant effort to clear the harbor. The Secretary's reaction and mine was a thankfulness that our all-too-few carriers were at sea.

As we stood dismayed looking at the wrecked fleet, little did we realize that American shipbuilding and engineering skill, backed by American labor, was so speedily to reconstitute these battleships, or most of them, so that they would do much to help win the war. As our attack went forward, the bombardment of their powerful guns played an important part in supporting our landing forces in Europe and against the Japanese. The stark tragedy that was foremost in our minds was the human loss and suffering. All those 3,300 American lads—and their families. For even as we looked on this dismal scene bodies were being recovered from the oil-covered waters of the harbor. What a price to pay for lack of preparedness!

My particular quest was to fathom the failure in delivery of a message ordered sent to Admiral Kimmel. I attempted further to unravel the reason for the failure of our Army radar to pick up the attacking planes. Efforts on Oahu failed, but by sheer chance I was to learn the reason for this on the flight back. Our skilled specialist, Mr. Powell, again undertook the overwhelming job of evaluating the damage to our vessels, and of making recommendations for repairs, or disposal.

The shock effect of the attack was evident, its degree usually commensurate with the authority and responsibility of the individual involved. Despite this, men were everywhere busy clearing up wreckage and preparing for another attack.

At a meeting at Admiral Kimmel's quarters where General Short later appeared, other senior members of Admiral Kimmel's staff came in from time to time. One member of the staff made a strong, fervent plea for the dispatch of an expedition to reinforce Wake Island with planes, men and material, but no decision was reached. The discussion was general, mainly regarding the military situation on the island, the damage done, and the steps being taken to meet further attack. The disposition of our forces at sea was also reviewed. The Secretary later commented on the willingness of those in responsible positions to assume their share of the blame.

General George Marshall

On the ferry to the Naval Air Station at Ford Island we learned that some 600 men killed in the raid had only recently been buried. On the island we saw the destruction to be complete. Gutted hangars and wrecked planes spoke of the accuracy and thoroughness of the Japanese attack. At the Naval Hospital on Hospital Point we saw hundreds of wounded—many suffering horribly from burns and many more from shock. Some were so terribly burned and charred as to be beyond recognition. The Secretary remarked of this visit that "the sight of those men made me as angry as I have ever been in my life. It made me realize what a big job lay ahead of us."

Friday, December 12, 1941

That evening we returned to the blacked-out hotel to dine, and we were later joined by Governor Poindexter. We were up most of the night discussing what we had seen that day, and planning for the morrow.

In the morning the Secretary had a talk with one of the leading industrialists of the Island. When he left, the Secretary remarked that these businessmen seemed more concerned with the economy of the Islands than they were with the prosecution of the war. To one of Colonel Knox's patriotic outlook, this attitude was difficult to stomach.

At the Navy Yard—where we later met General Short—the same Staff Officer again interrupted the meeting to make an even stronger plea for the dispatching of a force to reinforce Wake. Again no decision. Later we talked with a group of senior Army officers at their command post in an extinct volcano. At this meeting, I recall General Short telling the Secretary of his interpretation

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of the war warning of late November as clearly indicating the possibility of sabotage. In consequence, he had assumed Alert # 1—an alert against sabotage. He had reported to the Chief of Staff, General Marshall, that such an alert had been set up and, receiving no orders to do anything further, had assumed that he had complied with the intent of the Army High Command.

My efforts to learn the cause of the radar failure to pick up the attackers were still to no avail. On this subject no one seemed to want to talk.

During that same day, we collected the latest casualty lists, copies of such Japanese charts and records as were available, a great number of photographs showing the damage done to the various elements of the fleet, and such small items of Japanese ordnance as 25 MM inflammable bullets, Japanese flags, and good-luck belts worn by Japanese aviators. In the remarkably short space of 32 hours spent on Oahu the Secretary had gathered information from military and civilian leaders, to form the matrix for a report which was to have far-reaching effects.

The first remark the Secretary made to me after we took off on our homeward flight was: "Frank, you will be glad to hear that a decision finally was reached and the relief force for Wake will soon be on its way." It was good news indeed—even though it was later to be recalled, due to temporary panic in Washington, without accomplishing its mission.

The Flight Back

We took off from Kanehoe in beautiful weather, flying at 12,000 feet. At 6:30, sighting a strange vessel, we went to our battle stations, manning the guns.

During the night the Secretary spent a long time occupying a seat in the navigating compartment, writing his report on the navigator's desk. He did not get much sleep and by morning his report was finished in rough, handwritten form. A great part of the report was made up from his own interviews. His keen interest in and affectionate regard for the Navy had permitted him to acquire in a short space of time a tremendous knowledge of the Navy and its functions. This, coupled with his life-long training as a newspaperman, enabled him to write such a report rapidly. Some of his information related to damage to ships and possible sabotage. Operations and damage repairs came from Mr. Powell's complete report on these subjects—as did the suggestions recommending the taking over of small ship repair yards on the Islands. The other two members of his party made minor contributions to this report. Other than that, I know of no one who contributed to it—it was the work of Frank Knox himself. Adding up, in its final form, to nineteen typewritten pages, it was a master accomplishment which should be to the eternal credit of a splendid American.

Arriving at San Diego at 10:30 A.M., we were met by Admirals Blakeley and McCain and, also, by Admiral Friedell and Captain Crips from Mare Island. The Secretary had requested the presence of these two latter officers so that he might, at first hand, pass on to them the bitter lessons learned at Pearl Harbor so as to permit them to safeguard their commands as far as possible. In particular, they were told of the capabilities of and possibilities in the use of two-men submarines.

At the Air Station, Lt. Cdr. Hayes borrowed a portable typewriter and the necessary paper, carbons, etc. The Secretary asked us to read his rough report and to comment freely on it to him. This we all did and a few minor changes were made. Then Hayes went to work, his past experience as a court stenographer serving him in good stead. Before our next landing the report was pretty well roughed out in typed form.

Taking off just before noon from San Diego, we reached El Paso before four. We gassed up there and took off, hoping to reach Memphis that evening. But the weather closed in and we were fortunate to land at Midland, Texas before visibility became almost zero.

At San Diego the Secretary had offered a ride to an army officer, a major, I believe, who was taking a special report to Secretary Stimson. During the night we spent at Midland, this Army courier asked me if I had seen the affidavit regarding the non-operation of the radar on that Sunday morning. When I professed interest, he showed the paper to me. It was an affidavit signed by the Army operator using the set that morning stating that the entire station had been shut down for the day as a reward for the good work done the previous week. The operator, practicing on his own, had picked up a flight of planes. He reported to an officer at the station only to be told that they were carrier planes from the *Enterprise* and not to report them further. I could hardly believe what I saw. Here at last, encountered by pure chance, was the explanation for the failure of the radar to detect the attack. The responsibility was clearly evident.

When I told the Secretary of this affidavit, he talked with the courier about it and examined the affidavit. This conversation was, I believe, the basis for the remarks on the subject in his report.

On arrival at Washington Secretary Knox took his signed report directly to the White House. The original copy, delivered by the Secretary bears this notation in the handwriting of President Roosevelt, "1941—given me by F.K. 10 P.M. Dec. 14 when he landed here from Hawaii. FDR."

Knox had completed his difficult, self-appointed task. No man could have done it better; few, if any, as well.

The following morning the Secretary went to the White House. A meeting was held which included the Secretaries of State, War and Navy—and several others.

Meanwhile the President had written out in pencil a series of points concerning the Pearl Harbor attack which he told Secretary Knox to use at his press conference on the subject, these notes containing all the information that could then, with the security of the nation at stake, be released to the public.

In those emotion-charged early weeks of the war, the public clamor for release of all information on

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Pearl Harbor was overwhelming. Today, it is evident to all of us that the release of the complete report would have meant disaster. It would have supplied the enemy with an accurate appraisal of the result of its attack—far beyond what it at that time knew.

Shortly after his return from the White House, Secretary Knox had a press conference set up for the earliest possible moment. (Dec. 15). He stated that the Secretaries of War and Navy had been ordered to hold press conferences immediately and that the services were to assume equal responsibility and blame for the damage caused by the Japanese attack—and for the failure to be prepared for such an attack.

THIS OFFICIAL *Japanese photograph, found during the Occupation, shows the first two bombs dropped at Pearl Harbor. The attacking planes are circled.*

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A former investigator, writing on the 25th Anniversary, observes the facts do not fit the School Solution of the Pearl Harbor catastrophe. The facts, uncongenial to the myth of FDR, are widely suppressed, generally ignored . . .

Percy Greaves

As Pearl Harbor Day—December 7, 1941—fades a quarter of a century into the paragraphs of history, only a small part of our present population can recall how our country was led, step by step, into World War II. Still fewer can remember, as adults, the pre-New Deal America in which government was largely limited to the protection of individuals in their right to enjoy the savings of their ancestors and the fruits of their own labor.

There is now a new order of things in the land. Big Brother in Washington knows best. He prints the money and calls the tune. He underwrites the history books and hides the facts he does not want us to know.

The leader of the New Deal, as the new order was once known, was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, our only four-term President. In his own words, he "built up new instruments of public power." However, in one of his fireside chats to the nation, May 7, 1933, he did assure us he was "going to be honest at all times with the people of the country."

Later that year, FDR informed us that American foreign policy was "from now on . . . opposed to armed intervention." On his signing of the Neutrality Act, August 31, 1935, we heard, "It is the policy of this government to avoid being drawn into wars between other nations."

When running for a second term, he spoke grandly: "I speak from a long experience—the effective maintenance of American neutrality depends today, as in the past, on the wisdom and determination of whoever at the moment occupy the offices of President and Secretary of State."

The outbreak of a European war in September, 1939 brought no change in his public statements of official neutrality. On January 3, 1940 he even recalled advice given by George Washington: "The first President of the United States warned us against entangling foreign alliances. The present President of the United States subscribes to and follows that precept."

During the unprecedented third-term campaign, we heard on October 23, 1940, "The worst bombshell of fear . . . let loose on this people is the accusation that this government of ours . . . without the knowledge of the Congress or of the people, has secretly entered into agreements with foreign nations . . . I repeat again that I stand on the Platform of our Party: 'We will not participate in foreign wars and we will not send our army, naval or air force to fight in foreign lands outside of the Americas except in case of attack.' "

And a week later: "And while I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again AND AGAIN. Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars."

Even after the election, peace had a popular appeal. During a post-Christmas 1940 fireside chat we heard, "There is no demand for sending an American expeditionary force outside our own borders. There is no intention by any member of your government to send such a force. You can, therefore, nail any talk about sending armies to Europe as deliberate untruth."

Now note a few of the President's subsequent acts:

August 15, 1940. American representatives start secret war plan negotiations with representatives of a foreign government at war.

March 27, 1941. American representatives sign a secret agreement that interweaves our basic strategic war plans with those of another nation already at war.

April 10, 1941. An American destroyer drops depth charges on a foreign submarine at a location nearer its home base than the destroyer's.

May 26, 1941. The United States Navy secretly promulgates to the top Navy Command a Basic War Plan (WPL-46) based on secret agreements previously made with foreign powers, referred to therein as "Associated Powers."

July 7, 1941. American armed forces, which are not to be sent "outside our own borders," land in Iceland. This is a quick shift from preparations to land on the Azores. The U.S. Navy is soon escorting foreign ships carrying war materiel across the Atlantic.

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August 10, 1941. Britain's Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, at the Atlantic Conference off Argentia, Newfoundland, secretly asks the President to send an ultimatum to Japan.

August 17, 1941. The President cooperates. He presents the Japanese ambassador with a somewhat weaker version, but cables Churchill the next day: "The statement I made to him was no less vigorous than and was substantially similar to the statement we had discussed."

September 11, 1941. The President announces orders to the Navy to shoot at warships of nations without possessions in the Americas.

November 10, 1941. The U.S. Navy starts convoying foreign troops on American ships.

November 26, 1941. The Japanese, maneuvered by hostile American action into an impossible economic situation, are handed a note, the palpable effect of which is to make further negotiations impossible. Our reading of Japanese codes has informed our officials that our note means that "things are automatically going to happen"; or as our Secretary of State told our Secretary of War—"It is now in the hands of you and [Secretary of the Navy] Knox—the Army and the Navy."

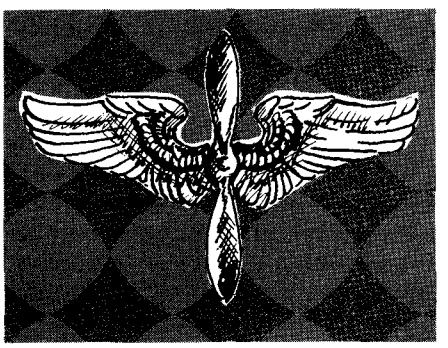
After the Pearl Harbor attack, Americans were told that it had come without any warning. The official story has been that it was a surprise attack that forced us into war against our wishes.

For years the charges that Roosevelt lied and cajoled us into war were vehemently denied. In 1948 the great historian Charles A. Beard presented a preliminary case for the truth in *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War, 1941—A Study of Appearances and Realities.* He was immediately reviled.

In an article in the August issue of the *Atlantic,* he was accused of being "the darling of the McCormick-Patterson Axis . . . The most indecent of Beard's numerous innuendoes in his book are those respecting the Roberts Commission. Mr. Stimson suggested Justice Roberts to head the Pearl Harbor Commission . . . Beard insinuates that Justice Roberts' appointment was part of a triple play to put Kimmel and Short 'out' and conceal the iniquities of FDR and Stimson in a cloud of dust."

These were the words of the court historian, Samuel Eliot Morison. In 1942, Professor Morison of Harvard was drafted by President Roosevelt and placed on the public payroll as a Navy officer with orders to write the official *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II* (fifteen vols.).

Beard, searching for the truth, was not permitted to see the papers he considered pertinent. Morison, writing the official line, had no such problems. In the words of the Secretary of the Navy, "All naval activities, afloat and ashore, were directed to make available to Captain Morison such records as he might desire to consult."



Even so, the facts confirm Beard's "innuendo." They bear out that Mr. Stimson had a heavy responsibility not only for the Pearl Harbor disaster, but also for the Roberts Report which made Admiral Kimmel and General Short the scapegoats for blame that rightly rested on high officials in Washington, notably Mr. Stimson himself.

Mr. Stimson not only nominated Justice Roberts, a pre-Pearl Harbor advocate of "Aiding the Allies," as top investigator, he also nominated the two Army members. This gave him a majority of the five-man Presidential Commission. In writing his suggestion to FDR he added: "Marshall and I united on all the foregoing suggestions after very careful consideration by each of us."

One of Mr. Stimson's nominees was Joseph T. McNarney, a recently promoted brigadier general and right hand of Chief of Staff George C. Marshall. Officially, the appointment was suggested in order to give the Commission an air expert. It was also hinted that the General was not personally suspect as he had been out of Washington at the time of the attack.

In fact General McNarney, as a colonel, had acted as General Marshall's junior representative when signing the March 27, 1941 secret military agreements with the British. Two of his superiors, the Chiefs of War Plans and Military Intelligence, as aides of Marshall, were heavily involved with Pearl Harbor responsibilities. At the time of the attack, General McNarney was actually in London participating in further secret negotiations.

The other Stimson nominee was Major General Frank R. McCoy, an aide, friend and co-conspirator of Mr. Stimson's for more than thirty years. Back in 1911-1912 Mr. Stimson, as President Taft's Secretary of War, became involved in a controversy with congressional leaders. Major McCoy, then his aide, helped him draft a Presidential veto which divided his party but helped Mr. Stimson defeat the congressional leaders.

In 1931-1932 Mr. Stimson, as Secretary of State, failed to sell his anti-Japanese ideas to President Hoover. He then turned to the League of Nations, of which we were not a member, and persuaded the League to investigate Japan's activities in Manchuria and to appoint General McCoy to the investigating committee. General McCoy sold Mr. Stimson's ideas to the committee and the League—with the result that Japan withdrew from the League.

Before the members of the Roberts Commission left for Pearl Harbor Mr. Stimson invited General McCoy to spend an evening at his home. The invitation was repeated upon the Commission's return. It should also be noted that another protégé of Mr. Stimson's, Felix Frankfurter, his assistant years (1906) before, invited both Justice Roberts and Secretary Stimson to his home for a private dinner and quiet evening during the period the Roberts Report was being drafted. Mr. Stimson duly wrote in his diary that he had informed Marshall that he thought the Roberts Report took both of them off the hook.

A well well done for Messrs. Roberts, McNarney and McCoy. ☞

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One of the Commission's Navy members, Admiral Standley, later publicly rebuked Justice Roberts and the War Department. Among other things, he wrote: "I knew from first-hand experience the shortcomings of our base at Pearl Harbor, for which Short and Kimmel were in no way responsible. From the beginning of our investigation, I held a firm belief that the real responsibility . . . was lodged thousands of miles from the Territory of Hawaii."

In his latest paean to his patron, *The Two-Ocean War,* the now retired Rear Admiral Morison praises FDR's foresight in leading this country into World War II by secret steps taken ahead of the public opinion he later led so skilfully to the goal he publicly denied—war.

Morison presents the events preceding Pearl Harbor in abbreviated and tendentious form, now the official one: that Japan invaded Manchuria and China and the American people had a duty to prevent any Nipponese expansion in Asia, whether the American people wanted to or not. His chapter, "Disaster at Pearl Harbor," presents self-serving sections on the "Last Days of 'Peace' in the Pacific" and "The Unsuspecting Victim." The fourth and final section, "Who Was Responsible?" gives a grotesque glimmering of the facts that were available to the historian.

Not satisfied with his own travesties, the retired Admiral tells us: "The best book by far on the question of why we were surprised at Pearl Harbor" is Roberta Wohlstetter's ***Pearl Harbor: Warning and Decision.*** A first reading of this book revealed more than one hundred factual errors. It raised other questions which, if properly researched, would undoubtedly unearth still more errors, not to mention child-like acceptance of Administration releases in preference to the obscured realities.

Some of Mrs. Wohlstetter's errors are trivial (such as footnotes that do not check). Others are ridiculous (such as her "Note on Rank." She wrongly accuses the Navy of having a monopoly on the double standard of "temporary" and "permanent" ranks. She evidently does not know that both General Short and Admiral Kimmel had higher "temporary" ranks on December 7, 1941 than the "permanent" two-star ones on which their later retirement pay was based).

As the student probably more familiar with the Pearl Harbor record than any other living person, the writer appreciates the tremendous task that Mrs. Wohlstetter faced. The record is voluminous. The printed works of the Joint Congressional Committee ran to 44 volumes. Like many others, she overlooks four volumes—three State Department tomes and Ambassador Grew's *Ten Years in Japan,* which were part of the Committee's official record. In addition, there are the Departmental documents and histories, the official papers of other countries, including those of the defeated nations, the books written by participants and other authors, and the myriad magazine articles, newspaper stories and personal interviews which have added a tremendous amount to the information about Pearl Harbor. There is still more, much of it suppressed for political reasons even now, 25 years after the great tragedy.

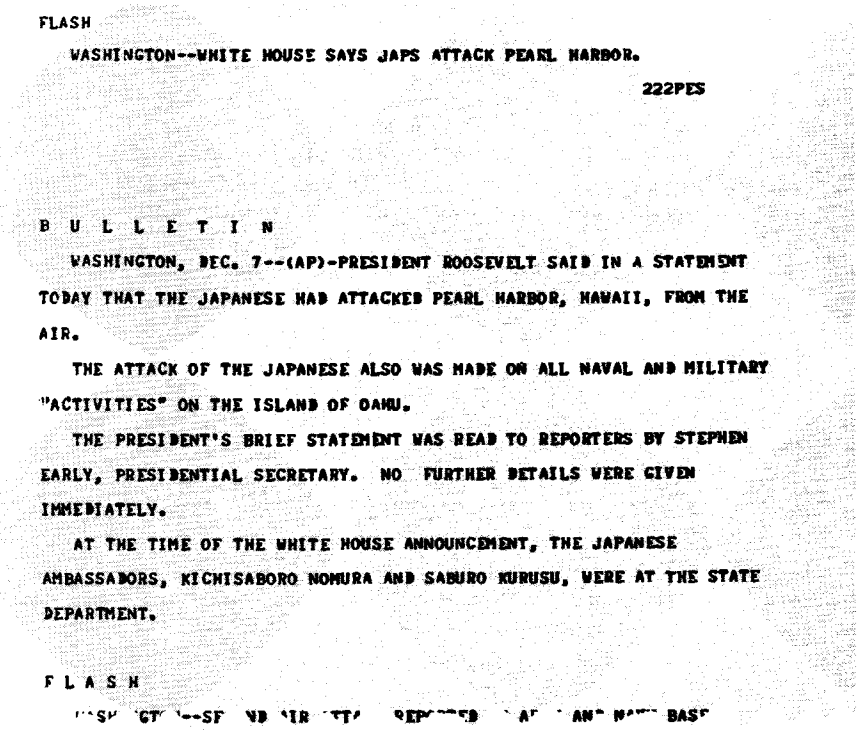
Mrs. Wohlstetter completely ignores the revisionists, those historians who have sought to reveal the truths the political powers prefer to keep hidden. Nevertheless, her well-subsidized volume won rave reviews across the nation and even in the *American Historical Review.* Columbia University awarded her the $4,000 Bancroft prize, apparently accepting Admiral Morison's accolade that "she is cognizant of all the intricate details of the codes, has made a thorough study of all extant sources, and uses them with the perception of a well-trained mind. Her book ought finally to dispose of some of the nonsense about Pearl Harbor that has been written."

In fact, the book contains as much nonsense about Pearl Harbor as any that has been written.

Mrs. Wohlstetter concentrated on the Intelligence phase of the episode. She accordingly devoted considerable attention to the messages of the two services and the information Washington gained from reading Japanese codes. These messages played a major role in the last months, days, hours and minutes preceding the disaster. If she had done a thorough and objective job, her book would have been a very valuable contribution. Unfortunately, she joined the union of court historians.

In a volume dealing with communications, particularly Naval communications, you would expect accuracy in reporting the filing time mentioned in each such message. This is particularly so since the top official Naval historian gave the book such a boost. Unfortunately, Mrs. Wohlstetter never learned the Navy's time system.

Every Navy message states its date and time in six digits—the first two



FLASH

WASHINGTON--WHITE HOUSE SAYS JAPS ATTACK PEARL HARBOR.

222PES

B U L L E T I N

WASHINGTON, DEC. 7--(AP)-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SAID IN A STATEMENT TODAY THAT THE JAPANESE HAD ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII, FROM THE AIR.

THE ATTACK OF THE JAPANESE ALSO WAS MADE ON ALL NAVAL AND MILITARY "ACTIVITIES" ON THE ISLAND OF OAHU.

THE PRESIDENT'S BRIEF STATEMENT WAS READ TO REPORTERS BY STEPHEN EARLY, PRESIDENTIAL SECRETARY. NO FURTHER DETAILS WERE GIVEN IMMEDIATELY.

AT THE TIME OF THE WHITE HOUSE ANNOUNCEMENT, THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS, KICHISABORO NOMURA AND SABURO KURUSU, WERE AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

F L A S H

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represent the day of the month, the second two the hour of the day, and the last two the minute of the hour. For example, one of the key messages was number 242005. Mrs. Wohlstetter writes, "The digits 242005 mean November 24, 20:05, which is 8:05 P.M. Washington time."

If she had read the congressional hearings through Volume 33 to page 1150, she would have noted, "For communication within the Navy. Greenwich civil time (GCT) is used in headings of messages." If she had read the hearings at all thoroughly she would have learned that Washington's time is Plus 5, i.e., five hours earlier than Greenwich time. So that this crucial message was actually sent at 3:05 in the afternoon, Washington time.

How valuable is a book on pre-attack intelligence that is five hours off on the timing of all Naval communications coming out of Washington? How dependable is a Naval historian who acclaims such a book the best on the subject?

Whose Responsibility?

Another serious error is Mrs. Wohlstetter's statement, "No one knew who possessed the final command responsibility for defense of the Hawaiian Islands in the event of an enemy attack." It was clearly understood by all concerned at the time, as revealed in all the investigations, that Pearl Harbor was the responsibility of the Army in general and of the Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, in particular. His agent on the scene was Lt. Gen. Walter C. Short. General Short took orders from and reported to no one else *but* George C. Marshall. What he lacked in matériel, orders, intelligence (information) and proper alert status was the responsibility of none other than General George C. Marshall. This will be discussed later.

Mrs. Wohlstetter also states, "The [Japanese] Pearl Harbor task force was under orders to return up to 24 hours before D-Day if anything favorable developed in the U.S.-Japanese negotiations." Actually, while this Task Force had orders to return to Japan if detected by any foreign forces up to 24 hours before D-Day, it could have been recalled up to the moment the planes left the decks, if anything favorable had developed in the United States-Japanese negotiations.

One could go on and on for a hundred more blunders. The facts were just too much for Mrs. Wohlstetter. Someday, someone, or some foundation, should underwrite an objective study of the Pearl Harbor disaster. Until that day comes, Americans who want to know the truth must rely on the writing of revisionists hacking away at the well-financed, well-reviewed writings of the court historians and official publications.

Like Mrs. Wohlstetter, Admiral Morison in his own book ignores the contributions of revisionists, while finding the writings of the Administration's apologists "especially valuable." He does, however, mention *The Great Sea War* by the late Admiral Chester W. Nimitz and E. B. Potter of the U.S. Naval Academy staff. Perhaps he did not notice that this semi-official volume states:

> By December 6 it was known in Washington that the Japanese were sending their Washington embassy a message for the U.S. State Department breaking off diplomatic relations, the sort of message that in times past had been followed up with a surprise attack on the opposing fleet. It was known too that Japanese diplomats in London, Hong Kong, Singapore, Batavia, Manila, and Washington were burning their secret documents and codes—usually done only when war is imminent.
>
> Thus by Saturday afternoon there was every reason to believe that war with Japan was only hours away. Then between 0400 and 0600 on Sunday, December 7, the U.S. Navy Department deciphered instructions to the Japanese ambassadors to deliver their message at 1 P.M. One o'clock in the afternoon in Washington would be 7:30 at Pearl Harbor.

However, Admiral Morison does admit that FDR's " 'short of war' was not so very short for the Atlantic Fleet. . . . These officers and men were enduring all the danger and hardship of war; yet it was not called war. They were forbidden to talk of their experiences ashore, or even to tell where they had been or what they were doing." He also admits that our economic measures against Japan were taken with the cooperation of the British and the Dutch, and that "the fundamental reason for America's going to war with Japan was our insistence on the integrity of China."

Actually, of course, the contest for China, during more than a half century, had been between the Western ideas of Japan and the Communist ideas of the Soviet Union. We decided China's future as early as June 1940—when we decided on war against Japan. Yet, the Admiral tells us, "the Administration and the head of the armed forces, as we have seen, were doing their best to prevent or postpone a war with Japan. Roosevelt even sent a personal appeal to Hirohito on the evening of 6 December."

It is true that General Marshall and Admiral Stark did warn the President not to send Japan an ultimatum before we were ready. However, the President rejected their advice and sent an ultimatum on November 26. Roosevelt's message to Hirohito was sent only after FDR had been alerted that the Japanese message which meant war was already on its way. The message to Hirohito was one for the record, after he knew there was no hope for peace.

Missing Files

Speaking of the decoded Japanese messages, the Admiral states: "The recipient, without taking notes, had to read these signals in the presence of the messenger who returned them to Army or Navy Intelligence office, where all copies but one were burned." Actually, of course, there was nothing to prevent these officials from making notes. At least one did. The so-called "messenger" was a top Army or Navy Intelligence officer who stood ready to supply any background or further explanation requested. On this point, the Intelligence admiral in charge of these intercepts testified: "They might hold the book as long as they wished, or send for it to come back again, but in the interest of security, we did not like to send out individual copies for retention." Any neglect of these important messages by any recipient was a sign of rank incompetency.

On at least one occasion, early in 1941, the State Department was permitted to retain a copy of a message. This was when Under Secretary

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Sumner Welles informed the Soviet Embassy of a decoded message indicating Germany's intention to invade Russia. There are indications that a Germany spy in the Russian Embassy reported this information to Berlin. Shortly afterward, we decoded a message from Berlin to Tokyo indicating that we had read the Japanese message. Fortunately, the Japanese continued to use the PURPLE code all through the war and we continued to read Japanese messages right up to VJ Day.

When the Admiral states that "all copies but one were burned," he is in serious error. Normally, four copies were kept—two in the Army files and two in the Navy files. In each case one set was filed by the Japanese serial number and another by the serial number assigned it by the Service filing it.

There are strong indications that copies of some of these intercepted messages were ordered to be destroyed shortly after December 7, 1941. They were missing from the files when sought in December 1943. Fortunately for the cause of truth a set was located and they were replaced in both the Navy and Army files.

When Secretary of the Navy Knox flew to Pearl Harbor on December 8, 1941, Under Secretary Forrestal became Acting Secretary of the Navy. Up to this point Forrestal had been chiefly concerned with production and had not been in on the intercepted Japanese messages. He requested and was brought a set of the key messages and apparently had them in his possession when file copies were destroyed. This set was later located in a Navy safe by an officer who duplicated them, placing copies in the proper files.

Here again, one could go on citing errors or omissions, but it would serve little purpose. What cannot be denied is that the. Administration was responsible for the policies which took us into war contrary to the desires of the American people. That this was done stealthily is now admitted by even the Administration's henchmen.

After years spent studying the available information, the writer finds it clearly evident that the three men most responsible for the policies and programs which led to war and the heavy loss of life at Pearl Harbor were Secretary Henry L. Stimson, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and his Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall.

Mr. Stimson comes into the picture first. As President Taft's Secretary of War (1911-1913), he opposed Philippine independence. His intense opposition to independence led him to stress the possibility of a Japanese conquest of the liberated Philippine Islands. He thus early adopted a deep anti-Japanese conviction. In 1926, he visited the Islands and, in 1928, was appointed Governor General of the Philippines before becoming President Hoover's Secretary of State in 1929. Over the years, he devoted his efforts, with the help of Frank McCoy, to keeping the United States in the Orient as an opponent of Japan.

Japan was an island empire that operated largely like a factory. She imported food and raw materials for her teeming millions while exporting cheap finished goods to the mainland of Asia, primarily China. For decades, she strove to develop Manchuria and Northern China.industrially by bringing a Western form of civilization to that area. The Chinese poured into the Japanese-developed areas, largely to get away from the marauding war lords of central China.

Japan's leaders were divided. At home, there was a peace party and a war party—but Japan's main problem was the opposition of the Soviet Union. Communist infiltration and anti-capitalistic propaganda were difficult to overcome.

When, in 1931, Japan attempted to protect her Manchurian interests against the lawless activities of Communist-incited Chinese, Mr. Stimson, as Secretary of State, demanded American sanctions against Japan. President Hoover refused, saying sanctions meant war and the United States would not go to war over China. Secretary Stimson was no more successful in selling his policies to Great Britain. However, as noted above, General McCoy did help him sell these policies to the League of Nations, forcing Japan to face the Soviet Union alone in the Far East.

During the interregnum between the 1932 election and the March 4, 1933 inauguration, Mr. Stimson twice visited President-elect Roosevelt and had little difficulty in selling the President-to-be his anti-Japanese pro-Soviet policy. He did this despite the bitterness between the outgoing and incoming Presidents. Mr. Stimson then retired to the sidelines until President Roosevelt, knowing his anti-Japanese feelings, appointed him Secretary of War in June 1940. In this position he advocated increasingly strong economic measures against Japan until finally, on July 28, 1941, all Japanese assets in the United States were frozen. He opposed all meaningful negotiations with the Japanese.

On November 25, 1941 he noted, "The question was how we should maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves." Two days later, as mentioned below, he botched up the warning message to General Short, signing it "Marshall." As noted above, he played a role with the Roberts Commission. Still later, he tried to overturn the findings of the Army Pearl Harbor Board.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, as chief executive and Commander-in-Chief, has to take full responsibility for the measures that led to war and our lack of preparedness at Pearl Harbor. His New Deal had not eliminated the unemployment which, by the end of 1938, was still close to ten million. It was the war in Europe which put our men back to work at wages which New Deal laws permitted labor unions to demand but which American consumers could not or would not pay. However, our neutrality laws specified that the warring nations must pay "cash and carry" for goods they wanted.

On March 12, 1940, the President, at a White House conference discussing French and British demands for war material, stated, "These foreign orders mean prosperity in this country and we can't elect a Democratic Party unless we get prosperity and these orders are of the greatest importance. . . . Let's be perfectly frank." The Cabinet member noting this statement added, "And he's right!"

In June 1940, France fell. By this time England's gold was pretty well

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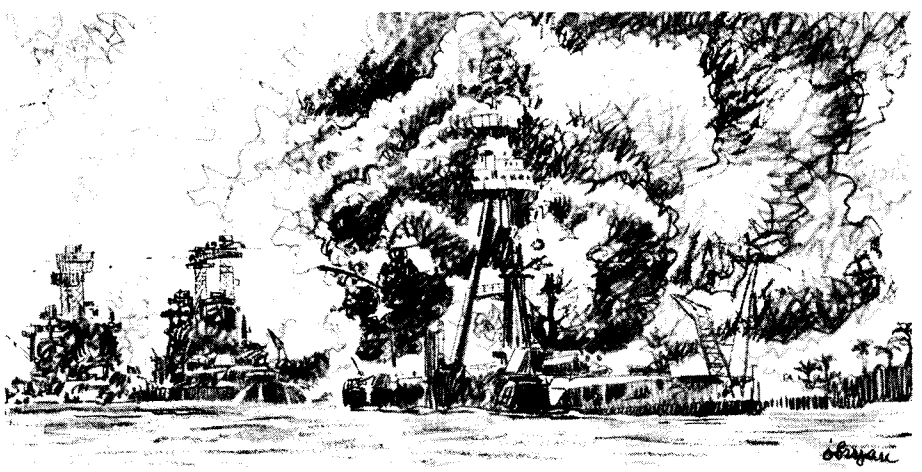
committed. If something was not soon done to keep the orders coming, millions of Americans would again be out of work.

The President then decided to run for an unprecedented third term. He invited two Republicans, Messrs. Stimson and Knox, to join his Cabinet. He urged aid for China and economic measures against Japan that would put that country into an economic straitjacket, from which her only escape was war or surrender. As time pressed, he decided on the "destroyer deal" to keep England afloat until after the election.

While the President was telling the electorate he was going to keep us out of war, his aides were telling



Britain to be patient, her needs for more help would be met—but not until after Election Day. Not long after the votes were counted, the President announced what later became known as the Lend-Lease program. Congress enacted it and torpedoed our neutrality law with its "cash and carry" precautions.

Prosperity, the New Deal and the Democratic Party were saved.

Navy officials, with orders to shoot, reasoned that we were committed to war. If Congress wanted our "allies" to have this material it must be the Navy's duty to see that it reached them safely. Hitler's Navy was ordered not to shoot back. So we further tightened our sanctions against Japan until that nation had to sink or fight. The policies that produced this result were those sponsored and sought by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Despite many Administration attempts to cover up the fact, the legal responsibility of General George C. Marshall for the actual losses at Pearl Harbor is quite clear. However, on his behalf it must be said that he knew that if he did not follow the wishes of his Commander-in-Chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt, he was through. He felt his allegiance was to the President and Commander-in-Chief. For him, Roosevelt was the United States Government.

It must also be said that on several occasions Marshall joined the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Stark, in requesting the President to send no ultimatum to Japan. They felt we could not be ready for war until February or March 1942. By that time they expected we would have sufficient B-17 bombers in the Philippines to defend the islands and to resist any movement of the Japanese to the south.

Then too, as Marshall and Stark told FDR, "War with Japan certainly will interrupt our transport of supplies to Siberia, and probably will interrupt the process of aiding China. After consultation with each other, United States, British and Dutch authorities in the Far East agreed that joint military counter-action against Japan should be undertaken only in case Japan attacks or directly threatens" United States, British or Dutch territories.

Our Intelligence knew that Japan needed oil badly and, if not permitted to buy it, must move into the Dutch East Indies to get it. In fact, our Intelligence people constructed and furnished the President a Japanese war schedule based on her need for various strategic materials.

The Army's responsibilities for Pearl Harbor were summed up by an Army general on October 31, 1941: "The mission of the Army of Oahu is to defend the Pearl Harbor Naval Base against all attacks by an enemy. The contribution to be made by the Hawaiian (Army) Air Force in carrying out this mission is: (1) to search for and destroy enemy surface craft within radius of action by bombardment aviation. (2) to detect, intercept and destroy enemy aircraft in the vicinity of Oahu by pursuit aviation."

At that time Lt. Gen. Short was in charge at Fort Shafter, Oahu. Through no fault of his, he did not have the planes or other matériel needed to defend the fleet. His immediate superior was General George C. Marshall, who passed on matériel sent the British, Chinese and Russians and who, in turn, reported to the Commander-in-Chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Stimson, the Secretary of War, was not in the chain of command and knew little of the Army's responsibilities and capabilities.

Late in November 1941, on the plea of Marshall and Stark, a *modus vivendi* proposal was drafted for submission to Japan. It was a stop-gap measure to gain time while we got better prepared. It provided for three months of normal trade with Japan while negotiations continued. It had been approved by our "war cabinet" as well as most of our "Associated Powers." The first thing on November 27, Mr. Stimson phoned Secretary of State Hull and learned, to his surprise, that the *modus vivendi* had been killed. Instead, an ultimatum had been sent to Japan placing the matter in the hands of the Army and Navy. He immediately called the White House and FDR confirmed the fact.

Apparently the decision not to send the *modus vivendi* was the result of a November 25 message from Owen Lattimore to Lauchlin Currie. Lattimore was then the American adviser to Chiang Kai-shek in China, and Laughlin Currie was an Administrative Assistant to the President. Lattimore felt Currie "should urgently advise the President" that a *modus vivendi* would undermine Chinese trust in America.

With this information confirmed and General Marshall out of town, Mr. Stimson got together with Ad-

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miral Stark and Marshall's Chief of War Plans to draft a message to General MacArthur in the Philippines. Similar messages were also sent to the Commanding Generals at the Canal Zone, West Coast and Hawaii. The one to General Short follows:

> Negotiations with Japan appear to be terminated to all practical purposes with only the barest possibilities that the Japanese Government might come back and offer to continue. Japanese future action unpredictable but hostile action possible at any moment. If hostilities cannot, repeat cannot, be avoided the United States desires that Japan commit the first overt act. This policy should not, repeat not, be constructed as restricting you to a course of action that might jeopardize your defense. Prior to hostile Japanese action you are directed to undertake such reconnaissance and other measures as you deem necessary but these measures should be carried out so as not, repeat not, to alarm civilian population or disclose intent. Report measures taken. Should hostilities occur you will carry out the tasks assigned in rainbow five so far as they pertain to Japan. Limit dissemination of this highly secret information to minimum essential officers. MARSHALL

This is the famous "Do-Don't" message. Note that it was signed, "Marshall," not "Stimson." Note also it asks Short to undertake "such reconnaissance" as he deemed "necessary." Actually, he did not have the planes to undertake reconnaissance because all available B-17s not given to the "Associated Powers" were being sent on to the Philippines. General Marshall knew this. Perhaps Mr. Stimson did not. Note also that it says, "Report measures taken."

Upon receipt of this message, General Short called a staff meeting before wiring back to Washington that afternoon:

> Report department alerted to prevent sabotage. Liaison with Navy reurad four seven two twenty seventh. SHORT

This reply was received in Washington on the morning of November 28th. It was initialed by Stimson and rubber-stamped by George C. Marshall.

Army rules and regulations, as promulgated by General Marshall, stated specifically that when a lower officer, on receipt of a communication, reports to his superior the measures taken, and the superior considers these measures incorrect or insufficient, it is then the duty of the superior officer to order a correction. Up until the time of the attack, General Marshall made no change in or comment on the sabotage alert.

The sabotage alert was designed to protect the Army installations from the large local Japanese population. For easy guarding, it provided for bunching the planes, tip to tip, and putting anti-aircraft ammunition underground. These were the conditions that existed at the time of the attack. This created a time-consuming problem for getting planes into the air and firing the anti-aircraft guns. This alert was filed with and known to George C. Marshall, and it was his responsibility that it was never changed.

In defense of General Short it should be pointed out that the next message from Washington, sent Army Intelligence, Hawaii, read:

> Japanese negotiations have come to practical stalemate stop Hostilities may ensue stop Subversive activities may be expected stop Inform Commanding General and Chief of Staff only. MILES

The following day, November 28, the Army Air Commander, General "Hap" Arnold, wired General Short:

> Attention Commanding General Hawaiian Air Force. That instructions substantially as follows be issued to all establishments and units under your control and command is desired: against those subversive activities within the field of investigative responsibility of the War Department (see paragraph three mid SR three zero dash four five) the present critical situation demands that all precautions be taken at once. It is desired also that all additional measures necessary be initiated by you immediately to provide the following: protection of your personnel against subversive propaganda, protection of all activities against espionage, and protection against sabotage of your equipment, property and establishments. This does not, repeat not, authorize any illegal measures. Avoiding unnecessary alarm and publicity protective measures should be confined to those essential to security. It is also desired that on or before December five this year reports be submitted to the Chief Army Air Forces of all steps initiated by you to comply with these instructions. ARNOLD

Henry L. Stimson

General Short understandably took these messages as confirmation that he was on the right alert. If he was not, Marshall should have said so. As the *Army Manual* states, "The commander alone is responsible. . . . He cannot shift this responsibility to his staff or to subordinate commanders."

Much, much more could be written, but space does not permit.

The story of Pearl Harbor is important today because it illustrates that those in political power tell the American public only what they want them to hear. The realities behind the scene are often far, far different. Men in political office are human beings like everyone else, subject to all the frailties of men—one of which is the desire to hide their mistakes. It is thus only human that politicians will use all the powers at their command to keep their mistakes from being made public.

The answer to this ever-growing problem is 1) reduce the power of the politicians, and 2) create an ever-alert opposition seeking to expose the errors of those in power. Every time a new party assumes office, it should conduct a thorough investigation of the previous Administration, exposing all its errors to wide publicity. This might make those in power more cautious whenever they are tempted to abuse their power.

Unfortunately, President Eisenhower vetoed a congressional investigation of the whole New Deal period and the actions that took us into World War II. Thus, the errors of the Roosevelt Administration have never been properly exposed to the glare of publicity. As a result, most Americans know only the self-serving reports of the court historians who keep pertinent information from revisionists who seek the truth. □

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Letter from Africa

The New Democrats

GILBERT COMTE

As colonialism draws to an end, one of the strangest features of the African states is their formal adherence to democracy. From Abidjan to Cairo, from Accra to Kinshasa, the young republics have argued about almost everything, yet even when the debate is hottest they seem never to question the representative institutions inherited from their former European masters. Heads of states both north and south of the Sahara are anxious to have their rule legitimized by the people.

At the same time, however, contests among political parties are almost non-existent. Nearly all the governments in power subscribe to the one-party system. In Ghana last year Nkrumah—always a swinger—went so far as to declare the Legislative Assembly "re-elected" to office, in toto, since no opposing candidates had come forward. And with good reason. They were all in jail! This bit of expediency was so characteristic of both rightist and leftist African states that it aroused no astonishment at the time, in Ghana or elsewhere. Democracy is everywhere the justification for everything, and everywhere the ruling power is consolidated in the hands of one man.

Pre-Colonial Africa

According to a theory current in European left-wing circles, economic underdevelopment is at the base of this unprecedented situation. The "proletarian nations," they say, cannot afford the luxury of a truly representative system. The party struggle would paralyze industrial growth. Where there is extreme poverty, there must be extreme discipline. There are a thousand examples of the fallacy of such reasoning, and it is clear that the relation between underdevelopment and totalitarianism is not an inexorable law.

Pre-colonial Africa knew a number of political institutions which varied according to time and place. Democracy, however, was unknown, in fact or in words, even where custom tempered the absolute power of rulers, who exercised over their subjects a power that was at once political, magical and religious. In *Christianisme et Colonialisme* Robert Delavignette, former head of the Colonial School of Paris, wrote:

> The ruler has a power of representation that includes all living members of his human community and also the dead. He embodies the line of descent from the founder-ancestors who formed the first alliance of the earliest days with the protecting animals and supernatural forces of the area. He maintains this alliance. He puts his people in communication with the cosmos. He is the spokesman of his people. His word is a formidable power, and that is why it is often whispered for fear of the ravages it would cause if uttered aloud.

This contributed little to the development of free will and hardly prepared the people to question the established order. On the contrary, they produced spirits bent by terror.

How could it have been otherwise? In his masterly *History of the Peoples of the Ivory Coast,* Pierre Duprey tells of a significant practice of the Mande of Seguela in the northeastern part of the country. Crimes committed against the collectivity were punished severely but not those against persons. This scale of values determined the institutions of Africa from the Middle Ages to our day. They took no account of the individual, considering him only insofar as he rendered services to the group.

"Tribal society does not tolerate those who oppose the recognized master of the day," Peter Abrahams gloomily stated at the first Congress of Negro Writers and Artists held in Paris ten years ago. The "tribal society" is never very far away in present-day Africa. Its values and habits permeate at least the unwritten law, especially in relations between individuals and the state.

In such a setting the attachment of the black African governments to democracy seems rather unusual. How can they adhere to an ideology so contrary to their traditions? The answer, as with many other questions of our time, probably lies in the universal moral order established by the United Nations in 1945. Since then, democracy is no longer one system among many, but rather a divine doctrine, the invocation of which instantly sanctifies any political action. For the Africans to say they are democrats is to speak a language universally accepted. At the time of his first official visit to the United States Kwame Nkrumah declared, for example: "We aspire to comply with democratic principles as they exist in Great Britain and the United States." Actually, he was getting ready to establish a totalitarian one-party system including "preventive detention" for ten years of any political suspect and renewal of the terms of office of the members of the Legislative Assembly without election.

One-Party System Prevails

The conditions peculiar to the anti-colonial struggle encouraged this confusion. Contrary to the generally accepted opinion of the past fifteen years, anti-colonialism is not only a matter of natives opposing Europeans, but also of conflict between political and ideological factions in the colonizing nations. In England, and especially in Belgium and in France, a widescale settling of accounts between Left and Right resulted in the freeing of many colonies. To weaken a political adversary who favored preserving the status quo, the Left embarked on a vigorous campaign to stir up unrest in the Third World. It was inevitable that the latter should thus identify with those democratic values which the socialists and Liberals proclaim as their own. Additionally, their ideas gave the Africans the enormous advantage of demanding freedom in the name of the very principles officially accepted by Brussels, London and Paris. Thanks to this tactic, countries in which tribal society still held sway suddenly declared for democracy. Everybody believed them. Perhaps they believed it too. . .

This conversion to democracy started an historical search for the ma-

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jestic vestiges of African parliamentarianism. The most interesting attempt was a book by President Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, *Facing Mount Kenya,* that describes in a fashion at once precise and bizarre the political organization of his country prior to the coming of the colonizers. "Before the arrival of the Europeans," he says, "the Kikuyu had a democratic system of government" that provided for elections and what he called "a system of alternation," a rotation in power —images dear to Anglo-Saxons. At the time he was painting this picture Jomo Kenyatta was, as a matter of fact, living in London and assiduously cultivating the British Left. What better than to convince the English that the independence of their colonies, achieved with their consent, would lead Africa back to its original wholesome institutions?

Today, of course, the one-party system prevails in Kenya as elsewhere without any provision for "alternation" with the opposition. There, as elsewhere, there is a minimum of equality, and of common aspirations among the citizens. The castes, clans, sects of the initiate within each tribe prevent social communication on a wide scale and hinder the genesis of public opinion. It has frequently happened that a ruler has, as a result of arbitrary and capricious acts of cruelty on his part, unified his people against him. They might then have killed him but his power was never publicly disputed. All the African presidents overthrown in the past five years have been honored up to the eve of their fall. Local tradition still prohibits the expression of public discontent.

The birth of a modern elite so far has not changed the situation. In regions where illiteracy is often found in 90 per cent of the population, those who are educated automatically appropriate all the power. Only they are able to speak to the whites and handle the complex techniques of the economy and of modern finance. In addressing the people they use Liberal forms of speech, since the times would have it so, and it is necessary to secure the esteem of the Great Powers. But authoritarian practices continue to grow and to be justified by democratic ideas whose sole function is to give the ruling class an easy conscience.

From time to time a clear-thinking leader suggests it might be as well to have done with false democratic pretenses. The former premier of Senegal, Mamadou Dia, is one of them. "It is time for us to stop conducting our political life in accordance with a background of parliamentary government in the West which is not ours," he stated in 1961. "We no longer need to regard such terms as opposition, majority, electoral mandate in the light of so-called principles that are, for us, exotic."

In Europe or the United States, political parties seek to enlist the support of citizens for a certain concept of the world and of public affairs. In a continent where individual opinions do not count, the party is first and foremost an instrument to serve the tribe. Conceived by their members as "clans" and not democratic groups, the African parties are bent on eliminating one another since to expel the opposition party means the expulsion of the rival tribe. In this perspective, the harmonious "alternation" of groups in office dreamed of by Jomo Kenyatta obviously has no chance. The strongest ethnic sector gets the upper hand, which ends naturally in the one-party system—the only formula capable of keeping up the appearance of democracy, of avoiding civil war, and of lending an air of "national union" to the absorption pure and simple by one region of the rest.

If Africa followed its deepest instincts, there is no doubt it would crown as kings the presidents bequeathed it by colonialism. Kasavubu and Nkrumah even considered for a time assuming the crown. In the South Kasai, Lumumba's former colleague Albert Kalonji had himself named emperor by the religious leaders in 1961. To be sure, his attempt came to nothing as a result of the reconquest of his region by the central government. The experiment manifests, all the same, a fundamental historical trend.

The present high regard in which the republican state is held checks such a development. Still, it must not be forgotten that no amount of theorizing has ever taken the place of ultimate truth. How long will the democratic form in Africa hold out against its authoritarian character? To us many of the black African governments already resemble non-hereditary monarchies. The end of colonialism seemed, for a time, to confirm Liberal suppositions. It would not be strange should its evolution toward despotism end up by defeating these ideas.

"It's not the Pope; It's the men around him."

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DULL

A Plea for Sanity

JOHN D. KIRWAN

Hardly a day goes by that we do not read about some unfortunate individual who has been knifed, stabbed, sliced, slashed, gashed, cut, carved or punctured by some anti-social malefactor. Despite superficial differences as to motive, weapons and perpetrators, these crimes all have one thing in common. They were all done with a *sharp instrument.*

One is forced to ask: how many of these terrible crimes could have been prevented, and how much senseless tragedy avoided, if sharp instruments, especially knives, were not so readily available to the public-at-large? The answer, I submit, is the *overwhelming majority.*

Throughout history, knives and bladed tools have played a shameful and sorry role—Julius Caesar was cut down by them; Macbeth deliberately chose daggers to butcher good king Duncan; Marat was stabbed by Charlotte Corday; Empress Elizabeth of Austria-Hungary was slain by a knife. One could go on and on.

In view of the past record and present menace of these hazardous artifacts, I have therefore formed DULL (Dangerous Utensils to Life & Limb) in order to awaken the public to the threat of the knife and to lobby for remedial legislation, preferably at the federal level.

For the Common Weal

Such legislation, far from being harmful to honest purveyors of sharp instruments, would actually be for their own good. After all, when a customer buys a knife or an awl in a hardware store, how does the seller know whether he wishes it for a legitimate purpose (assuming that there *can* be a legitimate purpose for such weapons) or to perpetrate some fiendish crime? Think of it if you will: *anyone,* from Jack the Ripper to the most unstable extremist, can, in this day and age, go into a store and freely buy a knife, icepick or even a cleaver! Such license, which might have been excusable back in the eighteenth century, is absolutely indefensible in our complex and interdependent society of today. Just ask yourself; *why* would anyone *want* to own a deadly sharp instrument?

Apologists for knives (supported and encouraged by who knows what sinister forces of the powerful honing and cognate vested interests?) are always armed with a variety of glib and facile answers. Let us examine some and thus, by unmasking, destroy them.

1. *Knife-throwing.* This pseudo-claim of "sportsmen" is patently absurd. In this epoch of multi-megaton bombs and giant guided missiles, what possible excuse can there be for tossing pointed weapons? And remember, these people do not just throw knives; they throw knives *at* something.

2. *Cutting Things.* This is a shade more sophisticated reply, though equally as immoral as #1. Its proponents cite letter openers (as if there were no postcards!), saws (in an age of ready-made furniture), whittling (a dangerous and barbaric atavism) and countless other excuses for keeping whetted instruments about the house. Yet these, and their numerous variations and modifications, are not justifications, but merely alibis, to be treated with the contempt they deserve.

3. *Eating.* This, in its own way, is the most immoral and unpardonable excuse of all. Imagine the effect on the tender and impressionable minds of the little children of the household —seeing, night after night, their parents slicing and cutting and even *dismembering* steaks and poultry, wielding these devices with impudent disregard for the conscience of mankind or their offspring's psyche! Their feeble explanations are even more contemptible, since what possible excuse can there be for sawing and amputating meats in this day and age of *good, safe hash*? After all, "if man were meant to stab, he would have been given tusks."

But, you may ask, what can we, the progressive, responsible, sensitive and alert members of society, do to combat this national menace? Below are listed three positive steps in the right direction.

First of all, join DULL. This will put you in touch with many like-minded members of the community and give you an effective sounding-board to "hit the honers," as we like to say.

Secondly, "wet down the whetting." Demand that your democratically elected public officials support "scabbard legislation." A good first step would be a local ordinance (preparatory, of course, to federal action) requiring all citizens to register cutlery, letter-openers, penknives, razor blades, awls and similar implements with the police. This, while by no means an ultimate goal, would be useful (after sufficient public education) in facilitating the confiscation of these devices at the proper time. However, in the interim, it would be a useful restraint against would-be puncturers and slicers.

Spread the Word

Thirdly, and perhaps of greatest importance, is private individual action. Alert your friends and acquaintances to the insidious threat posed by sharp instruments. Help play down the unwholesome influence of axes (remember Lizzie Borden), stiletti, cigar-cutters and jigsaw puzzles (this last being a most subtle cause, if not an effect). Point out the virtues of safe and sane objects, such as tennis balls, *pre*-chopped liver, and marshmallows in community life.*

Mind you, the struggle will be long and tedious; the forces of reaction are even now "whetting their blades" in order to forestall progress. Still, our battle can and must be won! Just think ahead, to that bright and golden day, when it will *not* be a dagger you see before you and the world will be a better and duller place.

*Please note that these alternatives are neither heavy nor hazardous. Many of our members, concerned over the danger of *blunt* instruments, are establishing ancillary committees to combat baseball bats and bludgeons. DULL, of course, wholeheartedly endorses such parallel activities, while still pursuing its main goals.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Keeping Taft's Memory Alive

RUSSELL KIRK

In American secondary schools there are some 105,000 teachers of the social studies. Of these teachers, few have taken in college more than an introductory course in political science. The level of high-school instruction in politics is correspondingly low, at the average school.

Is any organization addressing itself to this difficulty? Why, a good start has been made by the Robert A. Taft Institute of Government, which held its fifth anniversary dinner recently. The Institute, with Mrs. Preston Davie as chairman, is successor to the Taft Memorial Foundation, which sponsored the erection of the Taft memorial tower on Capitol Hill.

Kirk

Despite very limited resources, the Taft Institute, in its five years of existence, has conducted lengthy seminars attended by some 1,200 social studies teachers, who teach annually about 150,000 high school students. Colleges, public school systems, and civic organizations have cooperated in holding these seminars, usually in the summers. So far, the following universities and colleges have participated: the University of Cincinnati, the University of Rochester, the University of Louisville, the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, Duke University, Vanderbilt University, Fisk University, Macalester College, C. W. Post College, and Pepperdine College.

This writer is most familiar with the program at Macalester College, in St. Paul, where Professor Theodor Mitau is the prime mover, and where usually a somewhat similar program of seminars in American history is sponsored, at the same time, by the Coe Foundation. The high school teachers who attend generally are an alert lot, and many of them are astounded to find how little they had known about American government until they attended one of these seminars in practical politics.

Senator Robert Alfonso Taft always chose to be called a politician, rather than a public servant; he was no man's servant, and was not ashamed of having assumed political leadership. Nor did he relish being called a statesman: "My picture of a statesman," he said in 1939, "has always been a large, rather pompous gentleman, with his hand stuck into his coat, insisting on great principles which have little to do with everyday life." What with Taft's dislike of political abstractions, it is appropriate that the Taft Institute concerns itself primarily with *practical* politics—though not in the sense of working for Taft's own Republican Party. (The chief speakers at the fifth anniversary dinner were Dr. Walter Judd, conservative Republican, and Senator Joseph D. Tydings, Liberal Democrat.)

For all Robert Taft's being a faithful party man, the intellectual and moral power in the Republican party, even the New Dealers—when Taft was hottest against them—recognized that he would always put country before party. So a non-partisan institute of practical politics is appropriately named in memory of a party leader, whose honesty, courage, and intelligence no one denies nowadays, in the understanding that free government cannot survive in our world without responsible parties.

Respect for Responsibility

Under the sponsorship of the Taft Institute, this writer and Dr. James McClellan are finishing a study of Robert Taft's political principles (not a biography) which will be published in 1967. The Institute also has made surveys of the need for "citizenship education," and is beginning to prepare intelligent manuals for use in the teacher seminars and in high school classrooms. If it can find sufficient funds, the Institute will do bigger things. (The Institute enjoys tax-exemption. Its address is 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.)

As Mr. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote nearly twenty years ago concerning Robert Taft, "His saving grace is a clear-cut logical intelligence and a basic respect for fact, which undercut his own impulses toward dogmatism. Even his enemies respect his intellectual honesty and his reasoning powers."

It has been more than thirteen years since Taft died; and Congress has not since found his equal for industriousness, fiscal understanding, or strength of responsible leadership. Taft regularly spoke his mind. When told that he was tactless, he replied with characteristic simplicity, "It is not honest to be tactful." As much as Calhoun, and more than Webster or Clay, he declined to sacrifice his principles to prospects of glory; and like those Silver Age senators, he was fixed by his steadfastness never to rise beyond the Senate. Like the Adams Presidents, like his friend Herbert Hoover, he was given to uttering unpalatable truths. Taft may not have read Yeats' poem, "The Leaders of the Crowd," but he disdained the cajoling of the Demos as much as did Yeats:

They must to keep their certainty accuse
All that are different of a base intent;
Pull down established honor; hawk for news
Whatever their loose fantasy invent
And murmur it with bated breath, as though
The abounding gutter had been Helicon
Or calumny a song.

The demagogue's arts were not Taft's, nor yet the heroic attitudes of the Periclean master of men. Yet if—like the Venetian Glass Nephew—Robert Taft did not know how to play, still he could win Ohio elections thumpingly. As Mr. Benjamin Stolberg wrote once, "Taft has been called a poor politician. In a conventional sense, he is. He not only lacks glamor, he scorns it—'there is so little underneath it.'"

So I trust that the Taft Institute will keep his memory green.

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Piercing the Fog of War

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The writings of Hanson Baldwin in his chosen field of military analysis and military history have been distinguished for more than thirty years by one quality above all others—common sense, that priceless attribute which Lord Chesterfield described as being "in truth very uncommon," the soil in which the great root-principles of the military art have been nourished since the days of Xenophon and Sun Tzu. This book is one more admirable illustration of the application of common sense, supported by encyclopedic professional knowledge, to the task of presenting military history in a form understandable to the general reader, while conveying the realization that it is upon the lessons of experience that we must still rely today for the prudent direction of our national strategy.

The "plan of the book," as described by the author, is built around narratives of eleven of the major battles of World War II, beginning with Hitler's surprise assault on Poland and ending with the Japanese débacle at Okinawa — where the desperate Kamikaze attacks foreshadowed the coming menace of the missile. Each battle is described both in detail and in depth, and woven into the military events which preceded and followed it so that "collectively, the book is a military panorama of World War II." Moreover, in each of the eleven chapters, a narrative description which does not lack for drama and human interest is followed by a critical analysis which does not err on the side of hero-worship or reverence for legend.

From each battle the author seeks to draw appropriate lessons—not all of which were heeded even under the violent impact of factual example. Thus of the Polish campaign he notes that it made obvious that "the tank and the plane were the new queens of the battlefield and mobility had returned to war—the Anglo-French faith in the defensive and in the concept of static fronts and fixed forti-

Battles Lost and Won: Great Campaigns of World War II, by Hanson W. Baldwin. Harper, $10.00

fications in linear positions was open to doubt." Yet that faith persisted until it brought ruin to France and nearly to Britain as well.

In his critique of the Battle of Britain, where the successful defense of the island owed almost as much to German errors as to the devotion of the gallant young fighter pilots of the RAF, Mr. Baldwin notes how memories of the relatively ineffective bombings of World War I, "continuously fed by a spate of lurid and exaggerated books published between the wars, very definitely affected British policy and British planning. Britain anticipated tremendous bombing raids upon London and other British cities at the start of World War II; the anticipation influenced materially British policy at Munich and led to the belated emphasis upon the development of Fighter Command"—the force which was just barely strong enough at the critical hour, given the errors of the enemy, to stop the German onslaught. This is pertinent reading for Americans today, who have certainly been subjected for the past twenty years (about the same period as the interval between the two World Wars) to "a spate of lurid and exaggerated books" based on the acceptance as a matter of course that the nuclear age has changed all the rules and made the lessons of the past inapplicable as guides to the future—so that brilliant young civilian analysts innocent of any experience of war are accepted even in high places as better able to guide the military policy of our country than seasoned military professionals.

Another parallel with today's problems is found in the chapter on the battle of Crete (the first great airborne assault in history), during which cabled interference from London "second-guessed or countermanded the orders of responsible commanders from 3,000 miles away. . . ." While Prime Minister Churchill was largely responsible for this "merciless heckling," the British Chiefs of Staff seem to have shared in it. Mr. Baldwin remarks grimly that "the overcontrol exercised from London during the Cretan battle and at other times in World War II has its far more dangerous parallel in modern history. In both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations during the Cuban, Dominican and Vietnamese crises, the flood of detailed orders from Washington to the commanders on the scene sometimes by-passed the normal chain of command, severely restricted military flexibility, sometimes confused the execution of orders, and may have caused (notably in the early air attacks against North Vietnam) unnecessary casualties."

The malign influence on operational efficiency which may arise from conflicts of personalities is noted by Mr. Baldwin in several instances: e.g. the two Japanese naval commanders at the battle of Leyte Gulf who had been classmates and peacetime rivals, and were so governed by mutual antipathy that they accomplished noth-

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ing; or the interaction of clashing temperaments between senior American intelligence officers preceding and during the Battle of the Bulge, compounded by ill feeling between Army intelligence and the free-wheeling OSS, which Mr. Baldwin sums up in this terse sentence: "Elimination of staff and personality frictions at all levels is the responsibility of command." It was a function insufficiently exercised in the Bulge campaign. Also the intelligence difficulties were partly due to the prevailing assumption that the Germans had no remaining offensive capability—with consequent "neglect of the defensive and knowledge of the enemy—which can lead to disaster, particularly in the age in which we live, where we face an enemy more nearly comparable in strength to ourselves than any other in our history. Today, inscribed in the brain of every commander, there should be one slogan: 'Know your enemy—or die.'" One might add that even this is not enough; for the military brains so inscribed must be heeded by their transient but all-powerful civilian masters.

THE VALUE OF this book as history and in applying the lessons of history to the vital problems of military policy which we face today, is so great that this reviewer restrains the temptation to point out here and there matters of detail on which he disagrees with the author—one example being Mr. Baldwin's belief that our great naval victory at Leyte Gulf could have been more complete save for the division of naval command between Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet and Admiral Kincaid's Seventh Fleet —the first being responsible to Admiral Nimitz as Commander in Chief Pacific Ocean Areas and the second to General MacArthur as Commander in Chief Southwest Pacific. Your reviewer deplores division of command as a matter of principle, but under the circumstances of the time, with the Leyte operation being the first in which the areas of responsibility of the two great Pacific commands had converged to a common operational theater, the resolution of the difficulties attending the creation of a single naval command were probably insoluble within the time available. As the distinguished Director of Naval History, Rear Admiral E. M. Eller, USN (Ret.), quite properly observes in an appended footnote, there is no certainty whatever that had there been unified naval command under either Halsey or Kincaid, the results would have been more satisfactory. This was one of those many cases in which it has proven necessary to meet a hostile thrust with the command organization existing at the time of its delivery, time being of greater value than theory.

One of the best aspects of the book lies in the selection of the eleven battle-cases, which are its basic features, to include all the main theaters of the war and to provide examples in which land, sea and air operations held places of varying importance. The maps used to illustrate these operational examples are unusual in their simplicity and graphic qualities.

Science Fiction

From Terra To TANSTAAFL

THEODORE STURGEON

I SEEM TO HAVE MADE an extraordinary discovery. It may well be applicable only to this clutch of books, but it might be interesting to try it on other works in other categories. It is this: The better the writer, and the better his writing, the less lofty seem to be the philosophical aspirations he exemplifies.

Id est: Spinrad, who in this example falls in that great 90 per cent of all fiction (and indeed all things) which gives good fiction (and things) something on which to stand and be noticeable, arduously peels layer after onionskin layer of revelation in the course of his narrative, each revealing a higher degree of nobility, courage, honor and self-sacrifice, until at the end we contemplate a shining sliver of Godlike goodness, wisdom and hope. Hoyle, of whom I once remarked that he tools fiction as if he were holding his pen with his elbows, shows us a world of the future in which cultural refinement seems to have replaced survival as a basic urge, and it no longer urges anything. Biggle, who has become a topflight journeyman with frequent excursions into master territory, founds his tightly-knit structure on the value of lying, which, it seems, we Terrans have developed to a degree unimagined by the rest of the universe. And finally Heinlein, with his extraordinarily realistic and believable fable of revolutionary colonials, complete with eloquent inclusions of Freedom. Patriotism, and Self-determination, the justice of . . . really on whose pragmatic right it is to make the buck.

Another striking thing about this particular group is the matter of style. Let us take one at a time, in the same order—an order of excellence.

Spinrad's book is unabashedly a story-teller's story, recognizable as such within the first five pages, during which the purist will know unmistakably that if he applies the laws of nature—mass, acceleration, and other such decorations of the Einsteinian-Euclidean phenomenon we think of as reality—then this particular story is not going to get told. Very much the same is true of character development, so that in order to get to the end, if we will, we do it out of generosity, moved not so much by concern as to the way the protagonists get out of their difficulties, but by curiosity about the author's plans to get out of his. One thing to be particularly generous about is Spinrad's habitual use of contractions in *narrative* (not dialogue, mind): "They would've sacrificed five billion Solarians . . ." "She too might've been in the thrall of outside forces. . . ." and could've, can't've, will've and hadn't've through and through, each one of which this reader chews as with sand between the molars. Yet one does read all the way through; and perhaps it is this induced generosity which defines "light reading" without which, like the existence of trash, we could hardly judge anything else. →

The Solarians, by Norman Spinrad. Paperback Library, 50¢

October The First Is Too Late, by Fred Hoyle. Harper, $3.95

Watchers of the Dark, by Lloyd Biggle Jr. Doubleday, $4.50

The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress, by Robert Heinlein. Putnam, $5.95

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Hoyle does something very ingenious. He puts his yarn in the lips of a man who announces at the outset that he is not a writer—a beautiful cop-out. He also makes a brief prefatory announcement that "science" in this book is mostly scaffolding for the story; however, the discussions of the significance of time and the meaning of consciousness are meant to be serious. The first clause of that is hardly anything about which to be defensive; science fiction which is not fiction is not shareable except by specialists. His discussions of the significance of time are good collegiate extrapolations, and not new. His opinion of the meaning of consciousness demands concurrence, because it is totally subjective, and one can take exception only to what a man thinks, never to how he feels about what he thinks.

I came away from the book with one discovery: the renowned Dr. Hoyle knows music, and knows it with a depth and intimacy which is impressive, if not surprising—many great scientists, mathematicians, and advanced engineers are musicians. It is not quite so easy for me to pin down my dissatisfaction with its inclusion in this particular time-travel yarn, however, in spite of his chapter-headings: *Prelude, Fugue, Allegro, Molto e Con Brio,* and the like, plus a most enchanting account of a "battle of music" between the protagonist, a concert pianist, and a beautiful woman from the far future who performed on an instrument as far advanced as the piano is over the *cimbalo.* Somehow Hoyle's music remains with the reader as something separate, in-itself-memorable, but not as an intrinsic pattern of the weaving, as was done so beautifully by Huxley in *Point Counter Point* and by Pangborn in his inexcusably overlooked *A Mirror for Observers* and others he has written.

Biggle has become almost completely expert. His characters are all a little simpler than real people, and to that small degree over-act, over-speak, over-think—all in a barely over-stated universe (in size and strangeness) which is so perfectly controlled that none of it is caricature. Biggle is your ally, not your adversary. He does not demand your credulousness—he does not even expect it; you go along with him, not because your generosity has been evoked, but because you enjoy. It's as good a way as any to avoid criticism.

AMAZINGLY, Heinlein has done the same thing Hoyle did: cast his narrative in the idiom of a non-writer. And he comes up with a pocket-notebook or exam-pony style that makes one wonder if he did not, halfway through his first rough, suddenly realize that by golly this stuff has a real new flavor, and decide to write the whole thing in it:

"Heard her giggle a few times

Random Notes

● CHACUN A SON GOUT: Among the more delicious-sounding of recent and forthcoming cookbooks are *The Alluring Avocado: Recipes Hot and Cold* by Judy Hicks and Mims Thompson, which even has desserts (Walker, $2.95), and Oscar Mendelsohn's *A Salute to Onions,* which also covers such related goodies as chives, scallions, leeks and garlic (Hawthorn, $4.50). . . . Peg Bracken returns with an *Appendix to the I Hate to Cook Book* (Harcourt, $3.95); Miriam Ungerer offers *The Too Hot To Cook Book,* with illustrations by husband Tomi (Walker, $3.95). . . . New for fungus fans are *Mushroom Recipes* by Countess Morphy (Arco, $3.25 hard—$1.45 soft) and Rosetta Reitz' *Mushroom Cookery* (Walker, $4.95).

Len Deighton's *Cookstrip Cookbook* containing cartoonesque recipes done for a London newspaper, was supposed to be published last fall; finally made it this September (Bernard Geis, $3.95). . . . Perhaps the most remarkable of the lot is Lady Arabella Boxer's *First Slice Your Cookbook,* of which each page is cut into three parts: *hors d'oeuvres* and soups, main courses, desserts, each color-coded for comparative richness, and, well—anyway, it should be fun to flip through, creating weird juxtapositions (Hawthorn, $15). . . . Finally, for those who go for that sort of thing, the old technique of having each lady of the Hospital Auxiliary or whatever write up her favorite recipe has reached its fulfillment: *The Celebrity Cookbook* presents favorites of the famous, each given in a luminary's Very Own Handwriting (Price/Stern, $2.95).

● THE WAY IT WAS, BABY: What really happened in San Francisco not long ago, according to *Variety,* was this: Rioters stoned, overturned and burned TV mobile units. The mayor went on TV and blamed the riots on "the cancer of discrimination." Dick Gregory went on TV and said the mayor's speech "ranked with some of Lincoln's." The governor asked for a special telecast of a Giants-Atlanta game because "it is a matter of police statistics that crime rates go down during game telecasts." Everybody watched the game. After it was all over, the mayor's press secretary said "TV and broadcasting really came into their own." And to think that just two weeks before and 3,000 miles away, something called Media Workshop was picketing a Madison Avenue ad agency to demand that ad budgets be diverted to the ghetto, and Florence Kennedy was calling the Nielsen rating "a phony racist cop-out behind which the advertising community hides."

Kinda makes ye stop an' think, don't it?

● FILMS: An updated *Madwoman of Chaillot* is being scripted for producers Ely Landau and Oliver A. Unger. . . . Simone Signoret's next Hollywood film, and first since *Ship of Fools,* will be *Games,* a suspense item from Universal directed by Curtis Harrington. . . . Producer Robert M. Rosenthal has film rights to Noel Barber's book, *The Black Hole of Calcutta.* . . . For us it will be *P. T. Barnum's Rocket to the Moon;* for the rest of the globe, *Jules Verne's Rocket to the Moon.*

● MULTIPLE MORAL DILEMMA DEPT.: Opening of the French version of *Marat/Sade* was almost delayed when the director, crying artistic liberty, refused to cut a scene which the producer refused to have in because it showed inmates stomping on holy wafers. All at the Sarah Bernhardt Theater.

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While I rigged oue bed and made it. Then sat down by her, and took end she was through with. . . . I could see it could be fission job at proper time."

So it goes, unalloyed, for nearly 400 pages. I point, but in this case I do not decry, because it is indeed a different flavor, brisk, unadorned, and evocative of something very different in time, place, and cultural values—as indeed Heinlein's Luna, an exploited colony a century hence, definitely is. I would say to those who know Heinlein that this is one which, unlike certain others of his recent works, will not let them down; and to those who don't know this most accomplished of all hard-core sf writers, that here is a grand place to begin.

Heinlein at his very best has always been able to grab the reader with a muscular hand at the nape, and swing him around face to face with what should have been obvious but which is, until now, not. This makes for a degree of provocation, adrenalinizing, mind-stretching, conviction-testing unmatched by any contemporary. It's sad that he does so little of this any more; it's exalting that he does it at all. In this connection I am here to tell you that this book is a pragmatic, guaranteed-successful-if-applied-as-directed, detailed, comprehensive and comprehensible handbook on overthrowing government, its ways and means. More: the triumphant cry. "The Moon was ours!" occurs on p. 184 of 400—a great big lesson revolutionists the world over, up and down through history, have failed to learn. More: it tells How To Set Up a Government for people who give a damn—people who are willing to work, who take as an article of faith that there ain't no such thing as a free lunch (they've reduced this to a common term, the acronym TANSTAAFL)—people who do not like, and do not intend, to be stepped on.

Christmas Books

God's Plenty

GUY DAVENPORT

THIS SEASON'S abundance of gift books is so fat and toothsome that we are almost beguiled into believing that they are worth what they cost. But money is one subject, books another; besides, it's Christmas. Here's a batch of what seem to be the superior ones, suitable for handsome gifts. The prices are pre-Christmas, usually some four dollars less than afterward.

The art book is still emperor, and there are some impressive ones indeed. The editors of *American Heritage* have assembled and annotated the paintings from which Audubon's great bird book was engraved, *The Original Water-Color Paintings by John James Audubon for 'The Birds of America'* (Houghton Mifflin, $75)—431 color plates in two volumes. And Macmillan has a new edition of *The Birds of America* itself, a perennial, at only $12.50. Harold McCracken has done an excellent study of the cowboy paintings of Frederick Remington, with 400 illustrations (Doubleday, $19.95). Innes and Gustav Herdan have translated Georg Lichtenberg's commentaries on Hogarth's prints, the definitive European interpretation of the English satirist for two hundred years (*The World of Hogarth,* Houghton Mifflin, $12.50); and a descendant, Paul Hogarth, has explored the second Elizabethan age with a little something of his distinguished forebear's unfoolable eye, and made a book of drawings called London *à la Mode,* to which Malcolm Muggeridge has appended some salty words (Hill and Wang, $6.95).

Parker Tyler, the poet and film critic, has completed a labor of years in his *The Divine Comedy of Pavel Tchelitchew,* a richly illustrated and fascinatingly explained study of the strange Russian painter who died in 1957, and whose "Hide and Seek" in the Museum of Modern Art is one of the most original pictures in the whole history of art (Fleet, $15). Grove has issued a facsimile edition of Georg Grosz' famous (and unob-

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tainable) *Ecce Homo,* a set of drawings reflecting the moral confusion in Germany during Hitler's early stirrings ($12.50). Maurice Bloch has written a major study of one of our most engaging painters in his *George Caleb Bingham,* published by the University of California. Volume I is a biography, *The Evolution of an Artist,* and sells separately for $30. Volume II is a *catalogue raisonné,* for $15. Aaron Bohrod has written a book about his own still lifes, with 254 plates, *A Decade of Still Life* (University of Wisconsin, $17.50). H. H. Arnason and Pedro Guerrero have assessed Alexander Calder's sculpture in the scholarly (and richly illustrated) *Calder* (Van Nostrand, $15). Sir Kenneth Clark, the grand old man of English historians of art, has reconsidered Rembrandt in *Rembrandt and the Italian Renaissance;* 182 illustrations (New York University, $10). Rodin, too, comes in for a new study in Denys Sutten's *Triumphant Satyr: The World of Auguste Rodin*—100 pictures, some in color (Hawthorn, $7.95).

THERE SEEMS, in fact, quite a lot of nostalgia around this season. There's Maurice Rheim's *The Flowering of Art Nouveau,* an authoritative account of the dominant art style at the end of the century; 615 illustrations, twelve color-plates (Abrams, $20). There's a glowing *Bonnard* by Annette Vaillant (New York Graphic Society, $27.50) and a *Winslow Homer's America,* by Lloyd Goodrich (Shorewood, $10). Poussin gets two big studies: both by Sir Anthony Blunt and both $25, *Nicolas Poussin, A Critical Catalogue* (New York Graphic Society) and *Nicolas Poussin: The A. W. Mellon Lectures for 1958* (Pantheon). Tudor offers a large folio of the recent paintings of Siqueiros ($20). And the monumental Arts of Mankind Series, under the general editorship of André Malraux, has reached its third volume, André Chastel's *Studios and Styles of the Italian Renaissance,* a study of the workshops out of which the art came; 300 illustrations, 119 in color (Golden Press, $25—$18.98, if you are a school or a library).

Helen Thurber, the genius' widow, has gathered a fine collection of lost and strayed drawings in *Thurber & Company: A New Collection of Drawings of Male and Female Animals, Including the Human* (Harper & Row, $6.95). The current *Art News Annual* is devoted to those artists who, like Thurber, defy classification, and usually are to be found in the corners of museums and back pages of histories of art (Messerschmidt of the grinning statues, for instance, or the polarized Hercules Seghers), an eye-opener if you aren't up on the way-out (Macmillan, $5.95).

Among the books of photography, certainly the most interesting is James D. Horan's *Timothy O'Sullivan: America's Forgotten Photographer.* O'Sullivan isn't so much forgotten as never quite distinguished from the man he worked for, Matthew Brady. It is a commonplace among historians of photography to say that a great many Bradys are really O'Sullivans. Anyway, he's as fine as his master, and wandered farther afield (with Clarence King into the West, among other expeditions)—Doubleday, $15. David Douglas Duncan, best known for his records of Korea, the Kremlin, and Picasso, has put together in *Yankee Nomad: A Photographic Odyssey* an enormous bale of pictures, with annotations (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $19.95). Eliot Porter photographs the Adirondacks, continuing his distinguished and wholly magic study of the American wildernesses: *Forever Wild* (Harper & Row, $20). Walker Evans has a new collection of his photographs, *Many Are Called* (Houghton Mifflin, $10), as does Andreas Feininger, *Forms of Nature and Life* (220 photographs, 27 in color, Viking, $18.50). And the old master Alvin Langdon Coburn's autobiography has been edited for Praeger by Helmut and Alison Gernsheim, *Alvin Langdon Coburn, Photographer* (illustrated, $25).

THINK of anything at all; there's a big picture book about it. There's Robert Brumbaugh's *Ancient Greek Gadgets and Machines,* with thirty drawings and eight pages of photographs (Thomas Crowell, $4.95) and Eric Sloane's *An Age of Barns,* a thoroughly nostalgic book of many drawings, ten in color (Funk & Wagnalls, $12.50) and José Maria Martinez-Hildago's *Columbus' Ships,* with forty deliciously technical drawings and a full account of how they were constructed and how they sailed (Barre, $8.50).

George Waller's *Saratoga: Saga of an Impious Era* (Prentice-Hall. $12.95) is as much as anybody might

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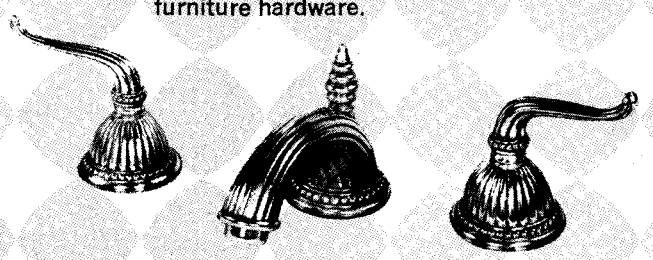

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want to read—or see—of Saratoga in the olden and gaudy days. Mr. Waller is a thorough historian, and has the proper eye for the dash and opulence of his subject. *The American Heritage Picture History of World War II,* by C. L. Sulzberger, is a superior compilation of narrative and photographs, and its impact is a bit disturbing, for on every page one can feel the transition of images once so familiar detaching themselves from the more demanding present and fading into history. All that terrible thunder is becoming a distant noise, at last. An obvious companion volume is Gene Gurney's *A Pictorial History of the United States Army from Colonial Times to Vietnam,* with some 3,000 illustrations (Crown, $15). And then there's Joseph Phelan's *Heroes and Aeroplanes of the Great War: 1914-1918* which is not, like *The Fighters* (last season's best-seller about Sopwith Camels and such), a book of photographs, but of paintings and drawings (Grosset & Dunlap, $7.95).

For history a bit further back, there's Manuel Alvarez Bravo's *Painted Walls of Mexico,* with 280 illustrations (commentary by Emily Edwards), an account of the Mexican propensity to think in murals from prehistory to the present (University of Texas, $12.50). And H. Schobel's *The Ancient Olympic Games* (Van Nostrand, $12.50), with color plates. Or Joan Evans' stunning *The Flowering of the Middle Ages*—631 illustrations, 192 in color, a veritable museum (McGraw-Hill, $30).

This would certainly stand uncontested as the most beautiful book of the season were it not for *Spain: A History in Art* (Simon and Schuster, $30), a work of comparable brilliance by Bradley Smith, Manuel Fernandez Alvarez, and the Marquis of Lozoya To have lost one's heart to things medieval and find *both* books under the Christmas tree! They make the luxurious picture books we have begun to take for granted look like *The Farmer's Almanac.* But not quite. Nancy Mitford's *The Sun King* is a fine example of a picture book that is also a highly readable history of Louis XIV and his elegant age (Harper & Row, $15). Emil Schulthess, the Swiss photographer, got permission to wander around China two years ago, and has put together what that tragically isolated country looks like, its temples and gardens and ordinary houses and, of course, the Maoist hullabaloo in the city squares. The title is simply *China* (Viking, $25). Hans Koepf's *Masterpieces of Sculpture* (Putnam, $19.95), Wilfred Blunt's and Wim Swaan's *Isfahan: Pearl of Persia* (Stein and Day, $12.50), Basil Davidson's and Werner Forman's *Africa: History of the Continent,* and Leonard Cottrell's *Egypt* (Oxford, $10) are all beautiful examples of book-making: seductive balancing of color pictures, an informative text, and a generous format. Eric Linklater's *The Prince in the Heather* is both narrative (Bonnie Prince Charlie's escape) and pictures (what it all looks like today), a book as Scotch as plaid and haggis (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95).

Jules Renard's *Natural Histories* has appeared in two editions. The cheaper (Braziller, $5) has the illustrations made for it by Toulouse-Lautrec; the other is more elaborately got up, with the French text and translation by Richard Howard, and with the Bonnard and Stein illustrations along with the Toulouse-Lautrec (Horizon, $20). That old favorite, Edwin Teale's *The American Seasons,* has been reissued in a four-volume set, boxed (Dodd, Mead, $25). And the Sierra Club has three particularly fine titles to add to their library of wildernesses and unravished places which they are determined to keep unravished: Eliot Porter's *Summer Island: Penobscot Country* ($22.50), Philip Hyde's *Navajo Wildlands: As Long as the Rivers Shall Run* ($22.50), and Robert Wenkham's *Kauai and the Park Country of Hawaii* ($22.50). All varnished gravure, tall, well-bound, and a deep pleasure to look at.

George Mylonas, the Greek archeologist who teaches at Washington University at St. Louis and who is an authority on Eleusis, turns his attention to the equally magic site at Agamemnon's citadel in *Mycenae and the Mycenaean Age,* generously illustrated with photographs (Princeton, $18.50). C. W. Ceram, the popularizer of archeological adventures, has compiled a collection of accounts by the archeologists themselves in *Hands of the Past* (Knopf, $8.95). And the *Horizon Book of Ancient Rome* by Robert Payne ($14.95) lives up to the high standards of the other Horizon albums that have become a familiar item in the American living room over the years. Two other books

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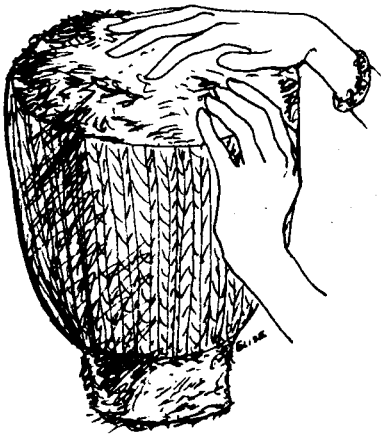

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of first-rate interest before space gives out: *The Arts in America: The Colonial Period,* by Louis Wright, George Tatum, John McCoubrey, and Robert Smith (Scribner's, $15), an authoritative record of native crafts, as interesting to the student of art as to the collector and antiquarian, and splendidly illustrated; and Robert C. Miller's *The Sea* (Random House, $12.95), as mysterious and curious a book as that mythological (or real) Oxford thesis that is said to have run to six hundred pages and had for subject the color of the sea. Happy shopping.

Children's Books

A Medley

C. H. SIMONDS

THE HACKS hack drearily on, those must-be-unmarried librarians who must live behind drawn blinds in apartments that must smell of furniture polish, those mortgage-ridden fellows who surely had acne in their youths, those *intense* young women who've almost got that doctorate nailed down. The industry obstinately refuses to recognize that children are people, or at least on their way there; thus it is that the shelves in the "Children's Books" section of your local bookstore groan still with talky-down tripe, pious moralization and word-count confections to clog the budding mind.

The Big Trends this year are to "curriculum enrichment" books wherein pallid non-children participate in great events of the past (leaving us to wonder just how it was that Arthur Schlesinger Jr. got back into the past to clue the kiddies in on the Real Meaning); and, worse, books "adapted for the disadvantaged child," of which the sole apparent function is to keep him thoroughly disadvantaged.

Still, it's not as bad a season as one might suspect from reading the publishers' announcements — there are several good things for you and your young to enjoy together.

First come the reissues of dependable old delights, like *Alice in Wonderland* with the Arthur Rackham pictures (Franklin Watts, $4.95); Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known* and *Animal Heroes* (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95 each); the first of Elizabeth Enright's tales about the remarkable Melendy family, *The Saturdays* (Dell Yearling Books, 50¢), and, straight from the yellowing pages of *St. Nicholas,* Palmer Cox's *Another Brownie Book* (Dover, $1.50).

It's a very good year, too, for fine old books with fine new illustrations. Raymond Briggs' drawings for *The Mother Goose Treasury* are endless fun: raffish; a bit Sendak-esque, but never gauzy (Coward-McCann, $1.95); Brian Wildsmith has tried his hand at illustrating *A Child's Garden of Verses,* with results that will delight Wildsmith fans and, doubtless, baffle everyone else (Franklin Watts, $5.95). Conrad Richter's *The Light in the Forest,* a gripper of a story, is out in a new edition with pictures by Warren Chappel (Knopf, $4.95). Ellen Raskin's drawings for Blake's *Songs of Innocence* are pleasant, if rather grown-up and not exactly exuberant, and you can sing the songs (Doubleday, words and pictures, $3.50; music, $3.95; the pair boxed, $6.95).

WHILE good "grown-ups'" authors don't *ipso facto* write good "children's" books, the categories do sometimes dissolve—witness *The World Is Round,* an amiable amble by Gertrude Stein, pictures by Clement Hurd (W. R. Scott, $4.50) and, grab this one, *Zlateth the Goat and Other Stories,* seven superb tales by Isaac Bashevis Singer, with Sendak illustrations (Harper, $4.50). Nor should any youngster be deprived of the pleasures of such as Ray Bradbury and Agatha Christie, so pick up *S Is for Space,* sixteen Bradbury super-stories (Doubleday, $3.50) and *13 Clues for Miss Marple* (Dodd-Mead, $3.50).

Fact being at least as much as fiction, try *The Young Mariners,* Robert Carse's history of the days when growing boys could ship off to the remote Bermudas, or 'round the Horn to the Spice Isles and other exotic spots—at least if they lived in Salem, Mass. (Norton, $3.50). Alan Honour tells the detective story of Champollion and the Rosetta Stone in *The*

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Man Who Could Read Stones (Hawthorn, $3.25); stills, none nasty, from the movie *Tom Jones* illustrate *Fielding's England* by Duncan Taylor (Roy, $3.95). One of the handsomest of the season's books offers full-color photographs of that granddaddy of all comic strips, *The Bayeux Tapestry,* with translation and explanation by Norman Denny and Josephine Filmer-Sankey (Atheneum, $6.95); an absorbing array of sketches from the notebooks illustrates Richard McLanathan's *Images of the Universe,* a well-done introduction to the scientific side of Da Vinci (Doubleday, $4.50). And think carefully before giving your son *The In Sports,* in which D. S. Halacy Jr. and a lot of parent-unnerving action photos tell him how to do neat fun things like iceboating, sky-diving, surfing, gliding and drag-racing (Macrae Smith, $4.50).

For the outdoorsy, there's a large crop of good things. Be not put off by the plot-line of Robert Murphy's *Wild Geese Calling,* about a lonely boy who befriends a wounded bird—the story and its teller are outstanding, and we wonder once again how Murphy manages to remember so well what it's really like to be a boy (Dutton, $3.50). Farley Mowat offers an adventurous search for Viking relics in the Far North, in *The Curse of the Viking Grave* (Little-Brown, $4.50). And for the pleasure of pure, vicarious malice, nature-lovers should read *February's Road* by John Verney, in which the deliciously nonconformist family of *Friday's Tunnel* returns to battle a plot to carve a highway through their farm (Holt, $3.95)—and, better yet, Roald Dahl's *The Magic Finger,* whose young heroine uses her unusual talents to turn duck-hunters into, yes, ducks (Harper, $2.50).

RIP-ROARING ROUSERS, too, abound. Wesley Dennis' last book, *Tumble,* is a much better than average approach to the wild-colt-growing-up theme (Hastings House, $3.50); likewise, although it centers on another poor cabin-boy on another dismal English brig, Erik Haugaard's *Orphans of the Wind* is worth anybody's trouble (Houghton Mifflin, $3.25). Also outstanding is *Whichaway,* by Glendon and Kathryn Swarthout, which recalls but doesn't echo, *The Red Pony.* The action is rather grim and scary, and the little boy is very brave. A huge, black Newfound-

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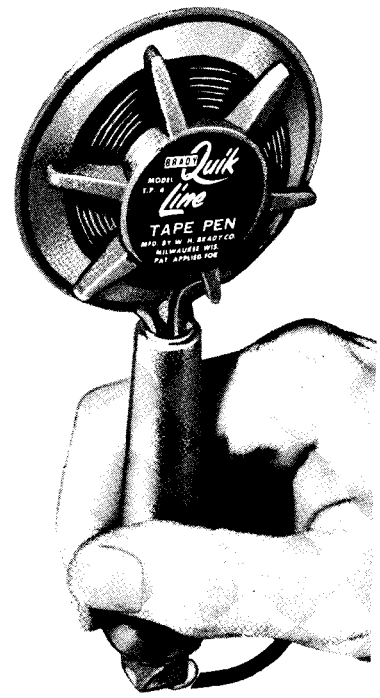

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land, surely among the most physically appealing of dogs, plays hero on the Canadian seacoast in *Sailor's Choice,* by Natalie Savage Carlson (Harper, $3.50); Walter Farley's *The Great Dane Thor* has the usual boy and dog, plus a gang of unusually evil poachers (Random House, $3.95).

Turning to what for lack of a better word we shall have to call "whimsey," we meet that estimable chap, Lyle Crocodile, back in the city and bright green with jealousy, in Bernard Waber's *Lyle and the Birthday Party* (Houghton, $3.25). Then there are two very British and one very Scottish crocodile who inhabit a pleasant little story, André Hodeir's *Warwick's Three Bottles,* illustrated by Tomi Ungerer (Grove Press, $3.95); Ungerer does well on his own in *The Moon Man,* which has that gentleman paying a visit to earth (Harper, $4.50). Ciardi and Gorey are back with *The Monster Den; Or, Look What Happened in My House—and to It!;* the monsters are an assortment of small Ciardis (Lippincott, $2.95).

Finally, to brainwash the youngsters with some high-type Christmas spirit, try *Christmas is Everywhere Including Asia Minor,* Morton Fineman's story about a little Jewish boy who craves a Christmas tree (Norton, $3.50), and *A Time for All Things,* which offers the uncut, uncensored text of Ecclesiastes 3:1-8, together with pleasant pictures by Tony Palazzo (Walck, $3.75).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE, by George S. Schuyler (Arlington House, $5.95). The celebrated journalist traces his life from the beginning up to the present, and the beginning goes back five generations in America. His interest in the works of the mind was sustained, through his own gigantic efforts, during years of the bitterest psychic disappointment and hardest physical labor. This book gives a sure picture of the times and milieu, it tells very much about the "wrong" side of the left, and it introduces the average reader to a world he should get to know. It is a book of virtues, whose names are honesty, forthrightness, and manliness. I would not fail to mention gentleness, too, as when Mr.

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Schuyler describes his mother in an incandescent paragraph as of the moment he learned she had died; or when he describes, after so many tawdry liaisons, the love that led to a marriage now forty years young. Here is a hunk of Americana, written in a style no smoother than the path of the man who lived it. Every American who wishes to think about the future of his country should read this book. W. F. RICKENBACKER

SLEEP, by Gay Gaer Luce and Julius Segal (Coward-McCann, $5.95). Well written and extremely interesting, this book's long bibliography suggests that beyond its being eminently readable, it is thoroughly researched and scientifically accurate. The book raises a great many questions and suggests some conclusions that are startling to the reader who more or less takes his sleep for granted. Just what is a good night's rest? Is there a connection between sleep patterns and certain forms of insanity? Are most dreams in black and white, and how much time do we spend dreaming? What are you doing to yourself if you stay up two or three nights running? Can you make up for lost sleep? Why, the fascinated reader wonders at the end of it all, has something apparently so important to man as sleep received significant scientific attention only in the last two decades? Well, Mrs. Luce and Dr. Segal make it clear that in the future we are going to hear a great deal more about sleep, and their present book constitutes an excellent primer on the subject. G. PEPPER

OXFORD, by James Morris (Harcourt, $5.95). The metropoligrapher James Morris, having done *Venice* and *Cities* (reviewed in *NR*, Nov. 3, 1964), now attempts to give us the story, stones, and people of Oxford town and university. He fails, because in his vulgarity and his slightly uncomfortable sniggering at the religious, philosophical, and aristocratic foundations of Oxford he is incapable of getting truly at his subject. As well ask a polyp to describe a coral atoll. Much useful *fact*, anyway, and batches of lovely photographs. Oxford remains unharmed.

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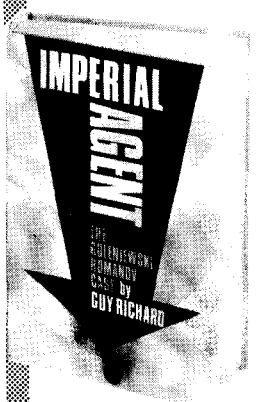

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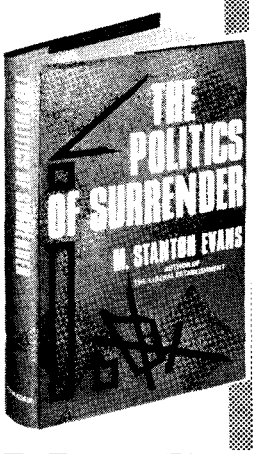

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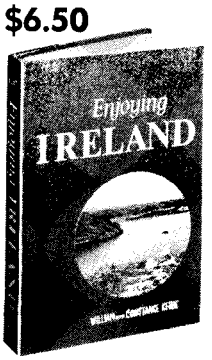

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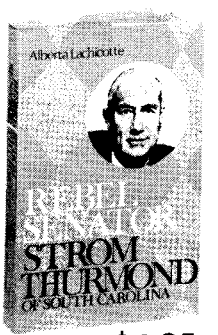

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Water of life	4 16 103 44 91 84 30 125
B. Passionate	38 106 188 187 153 170 90 68
C. Alphabetical	42 1 177 142 184 128 37 59 25
D. A lexicographer who is probably spinning in his grave	56 36 49 69 29 73 134 150 185 20 171
E. Pennsylvania "Dutch" type of pie	13 46 179 53 195 24 94
F. Pertaining to one of the natives of Mesopotamia	83 62 5 102 148 92 115
G. One of the founders of Punch (1812-1887)	113 9 133 157 85 66
H. A department of the federal government	75 28 93 109 119 121 194 12 101 130
I. A hawk moth	88 78 147 55 117 152
J. Not constantly	95 60 122 114 127 139 70 137
K. City in Fairfield County, Connecticut	111 41 144 7 100 64 136 138 155
L. A department of the federal government	118 3 14 31 81 107 154 105 143 159 178 191 193 34

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. To interdict	123 96 48 87 17 67 57
N. Noxious effluvium	131 18 174 158 164 182
O. 1,120 pounds in England	135 116 26 186 19 112 180 71 77 167 58
P. What congressmen like to do (with the help of hearing aides)	141 43 169 47 86 98 104 32 110 146 163
Q. Nothing	149 63 181 39 79
R. Verboten	156 21 50 120 99
S. To thumb one's way	162 151 192 10 72 129 23 183 61
T. To profit morally or spiritually	168 140 51 54 11
U. To develop and cultivate mentally or morally	173 161 2 124 126 52 97
V. A department of the federal government	189 65 27 33 40 6 82 45 108 74 76
W. Threadbare	22 15 89 172 175 166
X. Teachable	35 8 165 145 160 132 190 176 80

See page 1289 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	■	■	1 C	2 U	3 L	4 A	5 F	6 V	7 K	8 X	9 G	10 S	11 T	■	12 H	13 E	
■	14 L	■	15 W	16 A	17 M	18 N	19 O	■	20 D	21 R	22 W	23 S	24 E	25 C	■	26 O	27 V	
28 H	29 D	30 A	31 L	32 P	■	33 V	34 L	35 X	36 D	■	37 C	■	38 B	39 Q	40 V	41 K	■	
42 C	43 P	44 A	■	45 V	46 E	47 P	■	48 M	49 D	50 R	51 T	52 U	■	53 E	54 T	■	55 I	
56 D	57 M	58 O	59 C	60 J	61 S	62 F	63 Q	64 K	65 V	■	66 G	67 M	68 B	69 D	■	70 J	71 O	
72 S	73 D	74 V	■	75 H	76 V	77 O	78 I	79 Q	80 X	81 L	■	82 V	83 F	84 A	85 G	86 P	■	
87 M	88 I	■	89 W	90 B	■	91 A	92 F	93 H	94 E	■	95 J	96 M	97 U	■	98 P	99 R	■	
100K	101H	102F	103A	104P	105L	106B	■	107L	108V	109H	■	110P	111K	112O	■	113G	114J	
115F	■	116O	117I	118L	119H	■	120R	121H	122J	123M	124U	125A	■	126U	127J	128C	■	
129S	130H	■	131N	132X	133G	■	134D	135O	■	136K	137J	■	138K	139J	140T	141P	142C	
143L	■	144K	145X	146P	147I	148F	149Q	■	150D	151S	152I	■	153B	154L	155K	156R	157G	
158N	■	159L	160X	161U	■	162S	163P	■	164N	165X	166W	■	167O	168T	169P	170B	171D	
■	172W	173U	■	174N	175W	176X	177C	■	178L	179E	■	180O	181Q	182N	183S	184C	■	
185D	186O	187B	■	188B	189V	190X	191L	192S	■	193L	194H	195E	■	■	■	■	■	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1250)

Communism that was being cynically peddled under the name of socialism. Why has NATIONAL REVIEW chosen to ignore this fact?

STEVEN KELMAN, Chairman
Harvard Young People's Socialist League
Cambridge, Mass.

NR is all for a humane and democratic socialism at Harvard and in Hungary, too. Take it away, Kelman. —ED.

Southern Dialects

As a regular reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, I am continually delighted and rewarded with the excellent contributions of such writers as Russell Kirk, Wm. F. Buckley, James Jackson Kilpatrick, and others too many to list here.

In the issue of October 4, however, which included the splendid article, "The Negro Revolution," by Frank S. Meyer, my disillusionment sank to a first-time low when I blundered into a review of *Jubilee*, by Margaret Walker, contributed by Guy Davenport. This critic writes as though he knows all about dialects, and it's obvious he doesn't. As one who will soon complete his four score, and who, from childhood, has listened to myriad dialects in the Southern states, I know he doesn't know. Minstrel show borrowings were no part of them, although some of them occasionally crept into the lines assigned to Tam and Bones. It was out of the plantations of Georgia, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Tennessee that I first heard them, droned by the aunties and uncles as they thrilled a little boy with their matchless tales.

Later on, I was exposed to startling variations in dialects which were so pronounced as to indicate the native state of the speaker, often not just the state, but even what part of the state. For example, if a man announced he was from Tennessee, and accented the first syllable, I knew he was from East Tennessee, somewhere around Knoxville; and if he accented the final syllable, I knew he was from the western part of the state. With South Carolinians, state, late, mate, and hate I found to be dependable key words; pronounced *sta-ut, lay-ut, may-ut,* and *hay-ut,* they had to come from somewhere not far from Charleston.

In Virginia, when I met Mr. *Cyathan* out in his *gyahden,* no matter how he might *gyahd* his language, I knew I was somewhere in the Tidewater where they still cling to the perfectly good Middle English *gearden* and *geard,* only with the Virginian's contempt for the useless "r."

As a matter of fact, the dialects of the South are as many as the states, almost as many as the counties. And when you get into Appalachia, about which so much is being written by so many who know so little, you'll find that dialects are legion, a new *un* around *air* corner. No matter *whar ye air, you'uns is shore* to run smack into 'em. *Up hyar* in these *mountings,* is *whar ye'll hyar* 'em from *airy* man, woman, and child *ye* meet. If you try to trace these strangers to their origins, all *ye* need to *make it june* is to go back to Middle English *whar ye'll* find *'em airy one,* and good English, too. And *hit'll* be fun, if *ye'll* pardon my use of the correct neuter, *hit,* and not the Cockneyized *'it,* currently spelled *it.*

This letter is getting too long. I sha'n't burden you with the dialects of states north of Dixie, trooping as they do from the Midwest to Maine and back again. After all, the critic of *Jubilee* made his profound statements about "fake" interlopers from the South, specifically Georgia, where I spent five days with forty-one of Forrest's cavalry listening to an interesting assortment of dialects, back in 1912, in Macon.

Thanks for listenin'.

JOSEPH HAYES JACKSON
San Francisco, Calif.

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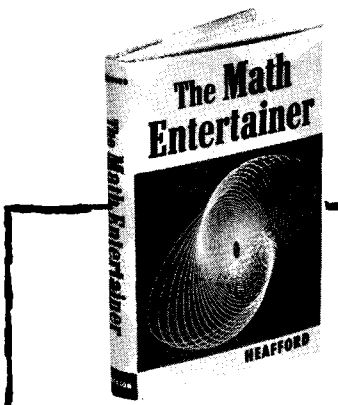

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FOR THE RECORD

■ "Road to Vietnam" Hit Political show of the hour. Newly elected Rep. **Lester Wolff** of New York (who beat out conservative **Steven Derounian** by a whisker) says he's off to Hanoi, if only Ho Chi Minh will let him in. State Department has no objection. . . . Negro comedian **Dick Gregory** also wants to visit North Vietnam to entertain U.S. prisoners there. Gregory says he has no interest in entertaining U.S. fighting men in South Vietnam, he's "against killing on all sides." . . . **John Steinbeck** takes off this week for extended tour of Southeast Asia, including Vietnam, as columnist for enterprising Long Island *Newsday* . . . **Miss Whatever She Is of India** probably won't visit the GIs at Christmas—Indian Foreign Minister Chagla says such a visit would not be in India's interest. . . . Longtime fellow traveler **Corliss Lamont** surfaced recently with letter to U.S. Ambassador **Henry Cabot Lodge** in which he called **Lyndon Johnson**'s latest peace proposals "dishonest and phony." Lamont called for public rejection of Johnson, Rusk, McNamara.

■ Of seven peace candidates in California who survived primary, only three —all of them incumbents—were elected: Congressmen **George Brown, Philip Burton** and **Don Edwards.** Edwards, Chairman of ADA, is noted mostly for his opposition to HUAC. . . . California Negro leader Dr. **Carlton Goodlett** (he ran as a peace candidate against **Pat Brown** in gubernatorial primary) says Negroes in his state will support right to work legislation because of racial discrimination in present union setups. Goodlett says Negro vote helped beat right to work last time round. . . . **National Right to Work Committee** has designated California and ten other states—Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, New York, Oklahoma and Pennsylvania—as target states this year. **Reagan,** during campaign, opposed state right to work, while upholding 14 (b).

■ Equal time, Paris-style: on government-run French TV and radio, de Gaullist candidates will get a total of 90 minutes in two weeks prior to March national assembly elections, so will candidates of *all* the (dozen-odd) opposition parties. . . . Dilemma: **Jacques Soustelle,** still in exile, has announced that he intends to run for national assembly seat in Lyons. More than 900 prominent persons, Left and Right, have signed a petition asking **de Gaulle** to drop all charges against his former colleagues, Soustelle and Bidault (betting is that he won't). . . . The French, incidentally, are reported to pay the highest taxes in the world according to new book in Harvard World Tax Series. Tax collections in France amount to 44.2 per cent of national income. British figure is 36.2 per cent, U.S., 32.5 per cent.

Mansbridge-*Daily Sketch* Ben Roth Agency

"Only thirty-eight more shopping days to redundancy, Fred."

■ Is **Romney** peaking too soon? Michigan governor passed **Richard Nixon** as most popular Presidential candidate for '68 among Republicans and independents in last week's Gallup. . . . **Melvin Laird,** chairman of the House Republican Conference, says he sees Romney as top contender now; before November 8 his bet was on Nixon. . . . **Leonard Hall** is in there working for Romney, so is Sen. Hugh Scott, scourge of the Republican Right. . . . Congressmen **John Ashbrook,** conservative Republican, and **Fred Schwengel,** Liberal Republican, announce they'll co-host party in honor of Richard Nixon to be given by the many congressmen Nixon campaigned for. . . . Expected economy push in 90th Congress could lead to cuts in poverty appropriations which could lead, in turn, to **Sargent Shriver**'s resignation.

■ Overlooked by press at large, the important win of Republican Senator **Howard Baker Jr.** in Tennessee. Baker not only was elected in Southern state, he got 60 per cent of total vote and carried with him 40 members of Tennessee legislature of ninety-five. . . . Sen. **Vance Hartke** (one-time close political friend of Lyndon Johnson) says he will shun Presidential support in 1968 unless Johnson changes his Vietnam policy. . . . Side effect of Republican gain could be ousting of Hawk Sen. **Gale McGee** from Senate Foreign Relations Committee. McGee has least senority among Democrats, is, in addition, a non-favorite of Committee Chairman **Fulbright**. . . . Upset victory in Queens, New York, for Mrs. **Rosemary Gunning** who ran for presidency of New York City Council last year in Buckley for Mayor campaign. Mrs. Gunning was only Conservative to win a delegate's seat to state constitutional convention.

■ Budgetcuttingwise: Five states (California, Maine, Michigan, Oregon Washington) have been allocated $758,000 by Federal Government in first distribution under Anadromous (look it up) Fish Act.

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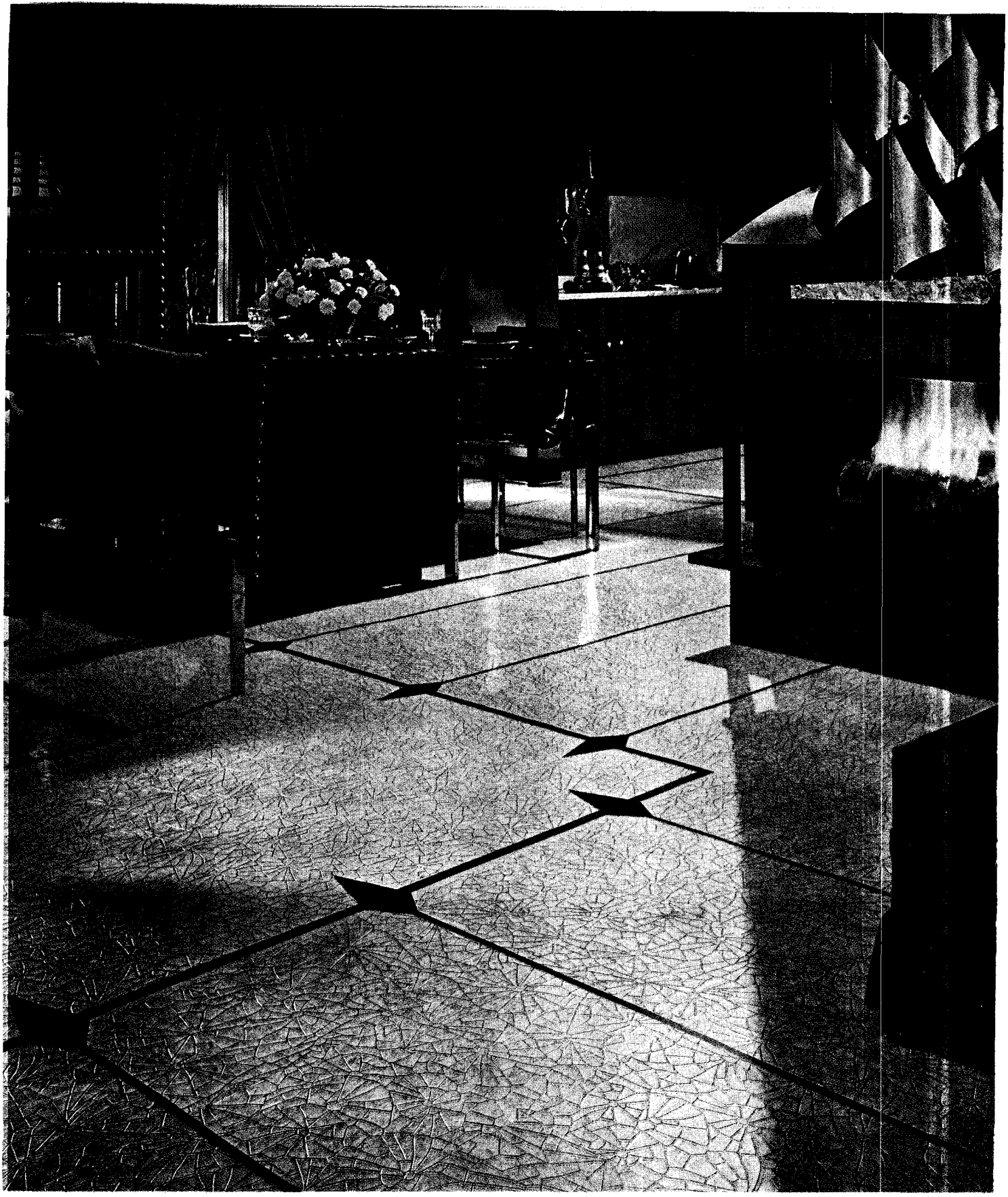

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